



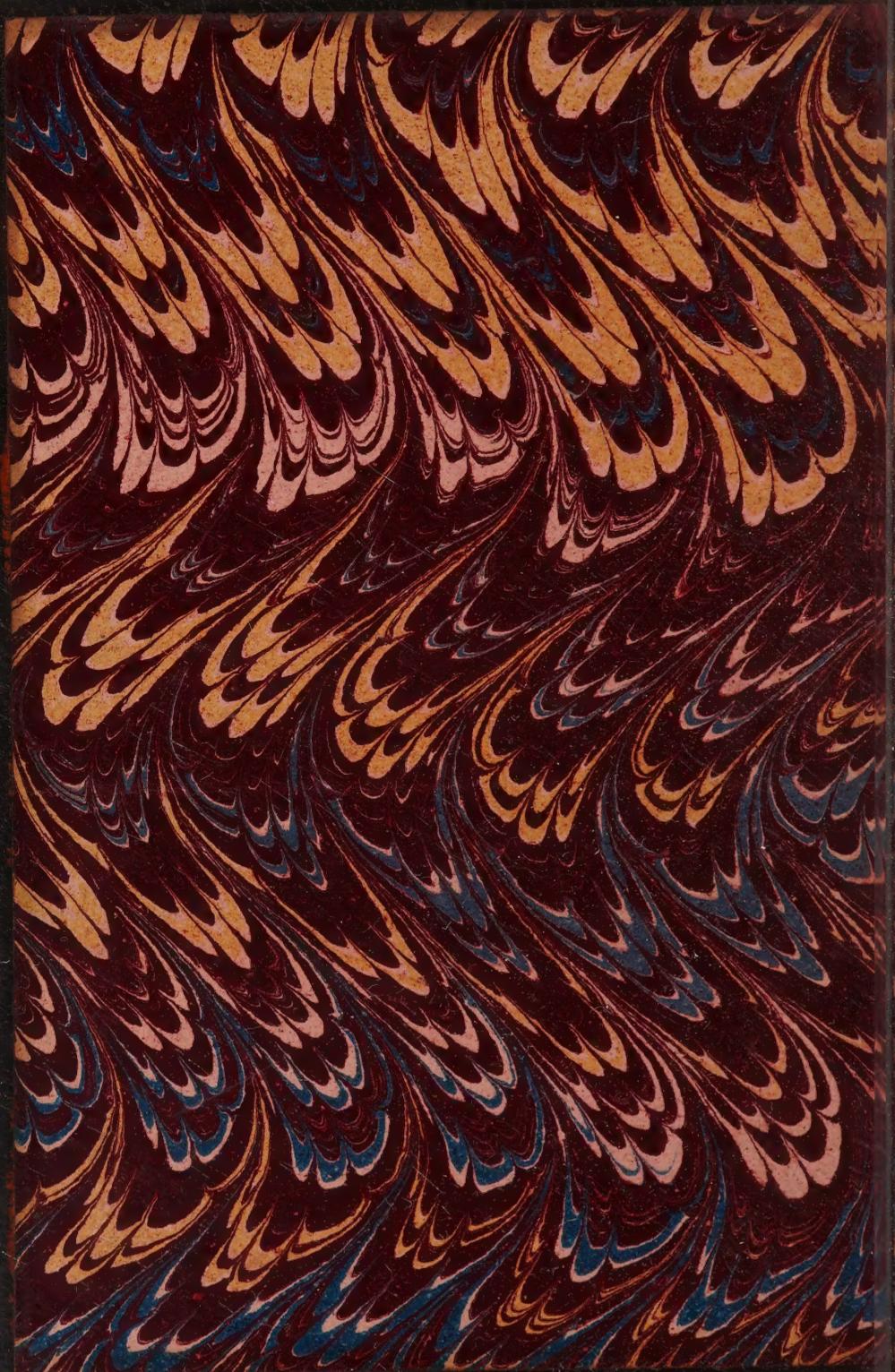
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TH. SCOT











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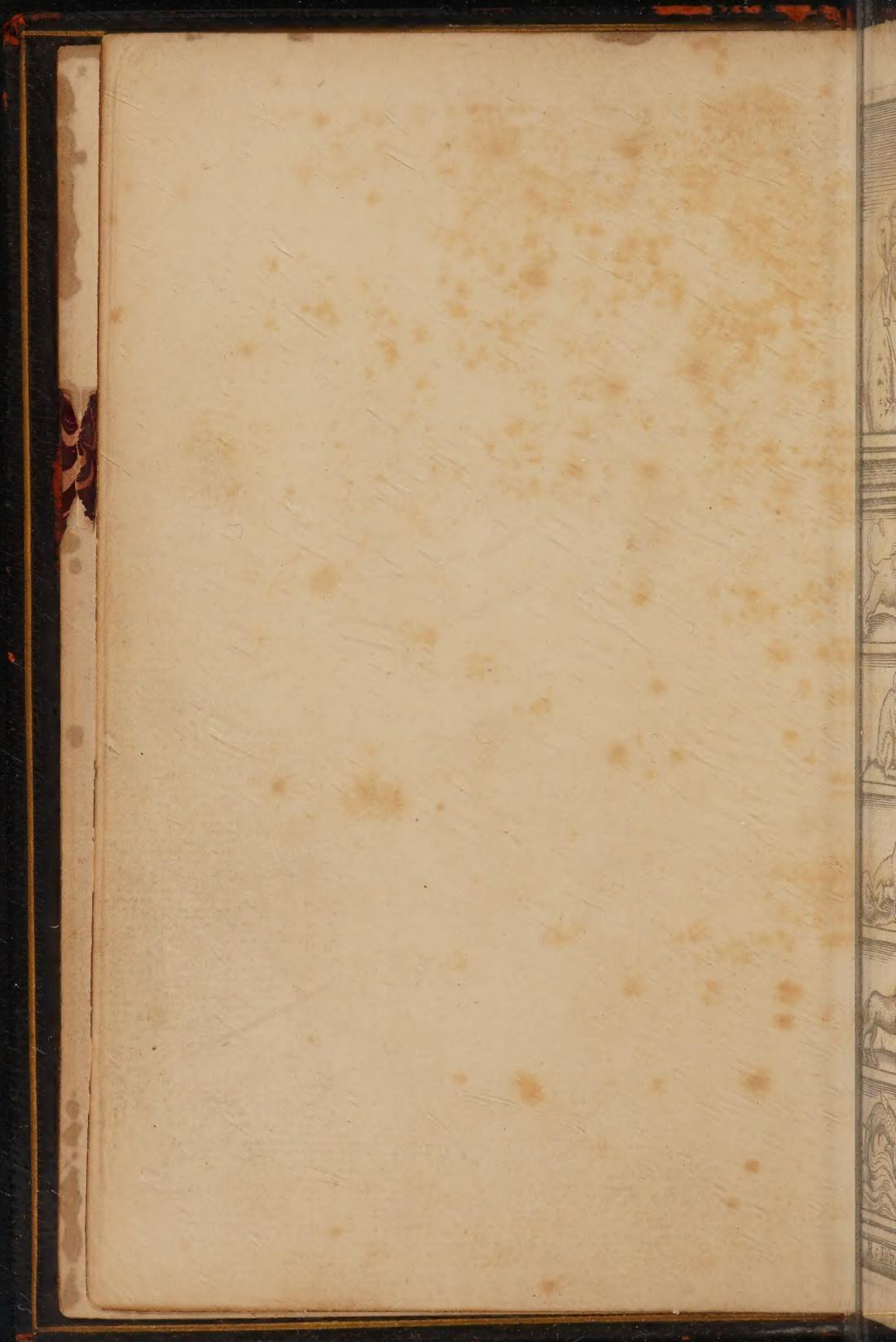
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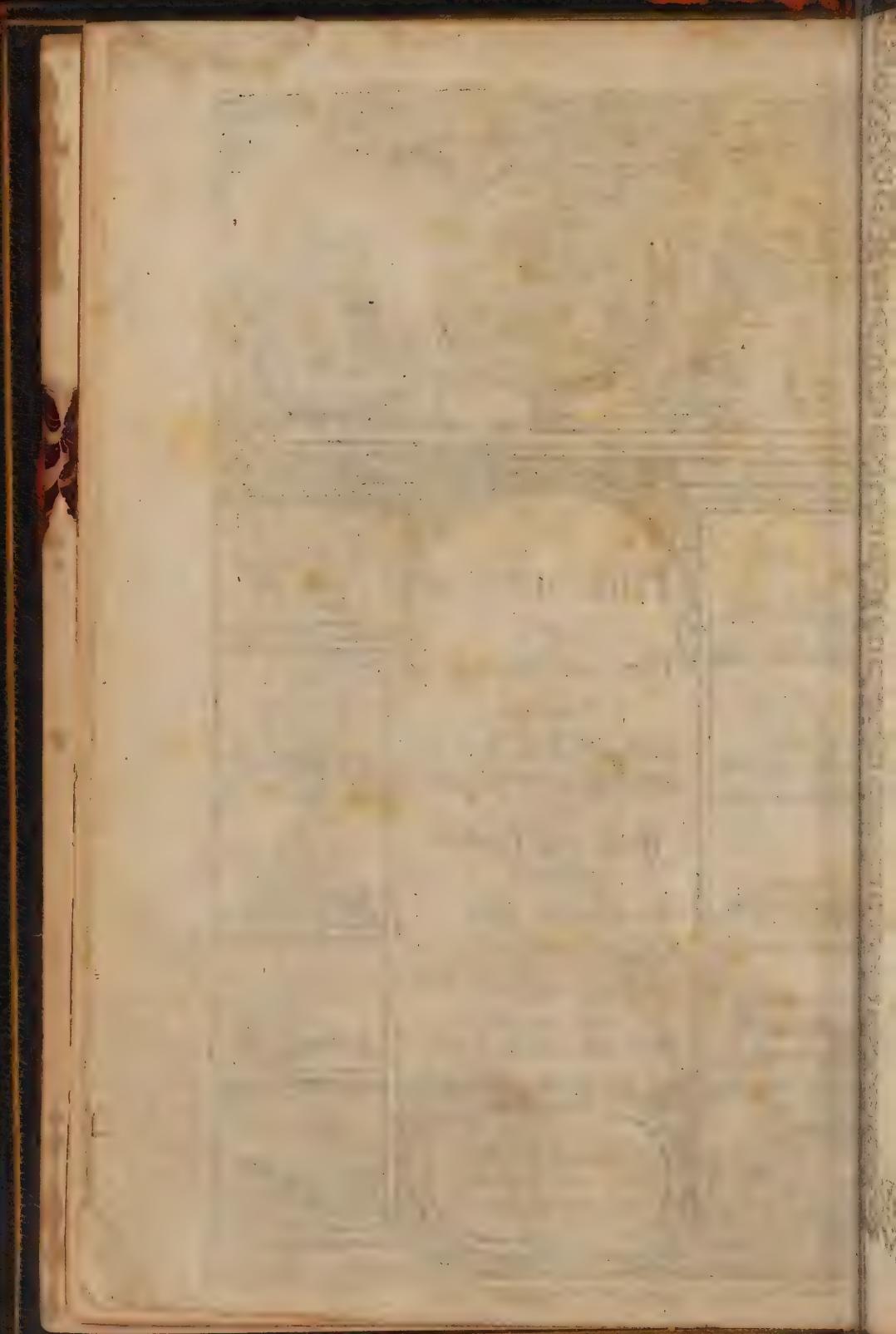
# PHILOMYTHIE or PHILOMYTHOLOGIE

wherein  
Outlandish Birds, Beasts,  
and Fishes, are taught  
to  
Speake true English  
plainly.  
By Tho: Scot Gent.  
Philomitus est aliquo mo-  
do philosophus; fabula enim  
ex miris constituitur.  
The second edition much enlarged.

LONDON  
for Francis Constable  
at the white Lyon in  
Paules Church-yard.  
1612.

R: Elstrake July





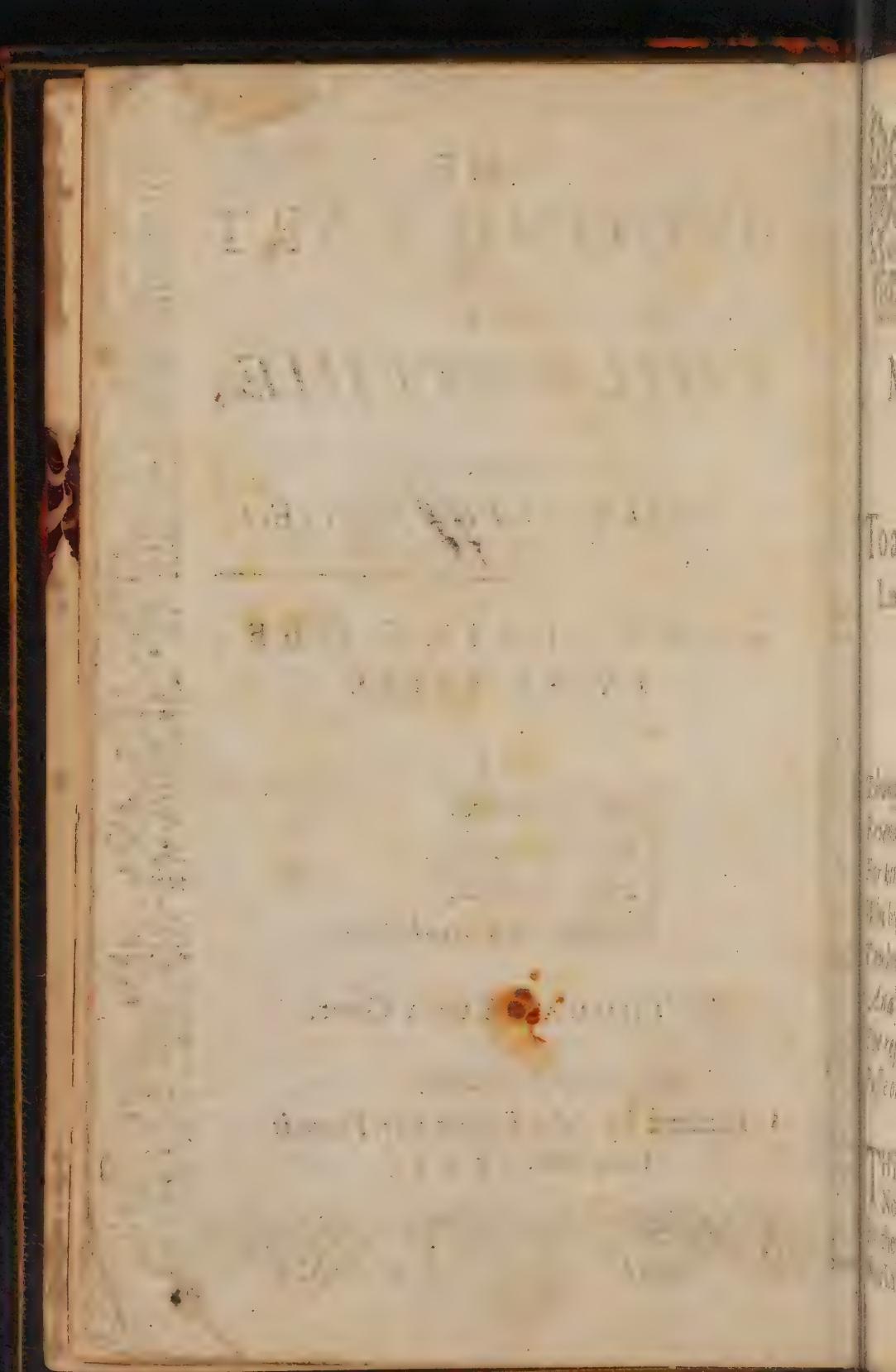
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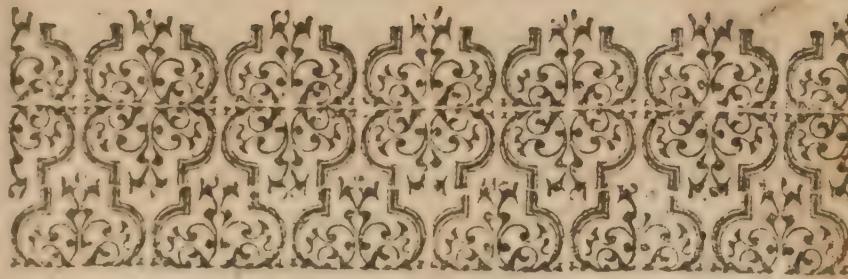
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CONTAINING CER-  
TAINE TALES  
O F  
*True Libertie.*  
*False Friendship.*  
*Power United.*  
*Faction and Ambition.*

By THOMAS SCOT Gent.

LONDON,  
Printed by John Legatt for Francis  
Constable. 1625.





# MONARCHIA.

DEDICATED

To all the worthy professors of the  
Law, who make not priuate-wealth, but  
the good and peace of the Common-  
wealth the end of their studies  
and practise.

Though you (perhaps) be Clyentlesse and few,  
Friendlesse and poore, yet 'tis to you I sue  
For kinde acceptance. You alone are they  
Who by example guide vs in our way.  
You looke not on the fee, but on the cause,  
And follow truth, as truth doth lead the Lawes.  
The rest, with vice, and wealths ill-gotten load,  
Passe on to death, in glories beaten road.

THE inhabitants of the Ile of Wight did bost,  
No vermin vs'd to harbour in their coast.  
For they no hooded Monkes, nor Foxes had,  
Nor Law\* Retriuers who make fooles run mad,

Cam.  
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Monarchia.

With their strife-stirring tongues; but liu'd as free,  
From these, as by them others combred be.

And though our whole land cannot boast so farre  
That we from all such vermin quitted are :  
Yet happy is our Ile, that's hemd about  
With water-walles, to keepe our enemies out ;  
Whilſt we (as *Adam* did) in *Eden* dwell,  
And scarce of *famine* in an age heare tell.  
Where hils are clad with woods, and vales with cor  
Whose laden eares doe listen to be shorne.  
Where ſhephearde neither Lyon doubt, nor Beare,  
Nor rauening Wolfe which ſheep & ſhepheard teare  
But each in ſafety dwell, and ſillie ſheepe  
From all but Man, doe one the other keepe.

O happy are we if we know our good,  
And if our ſtate be rightly vnderſtood :  
To liue thus free vnder ſo bleſt a King,  
Iuſt *Magistrates* and *Cleary-men* that ſing,  
The ſongs of *Syon* in the holy tongue  
Conuerting old men, and informing yong.  
No ſpirit-tyrant, *Pope*, *State*, *Tyrant*, *Curke*.  
Can here their bloudy ends and proiects worke ;  
But each in ſafety may his owne poſſeſſe,  
More free then Kings, because our cares be leſſe.

But moſt vnhappy are thoſe neighbour lands,  
Where Peace, and Plenty, as two ſtrangers ſtands ;  
Where bloudie war, and bloddleſſe *famine* ride  
Vpon the ruin'd top of thankleſſe Pride :  
Where Law destroies, Diuinity deceiues,  
And where the crowne the care of kingdome leaues  
Where men eate men, as beaſt devourd by beaſt,  
The ſtrong the weaker kill, the great the leaſt.

Wher

Satellitium.

Where tyrannie in triumph mounted hie,  
Makes truth and innocence in dungeon lie.

This tale the difference shewes, that wee may know  
How much to God for our good king we owe.  
An aged Hart, vpon mount *Carmel* bred,  
Hauing as Admirall the Nauy led  
From *Syria* through the Seas, to Cyprus shore,  
Where all the Ile with grēne is couered o're.  
Hapt by a Parke to trauaile, where he spide  
Ayonger sad Hart, standing close beside  
Th'imprisoning pale, and vsing all his skill  
To free himselfe from thence, to larger ill.  
Good brother (quoth the stranger) let me know,  
What heauy thoughts they are that vex you so?  
Why do you sadly so your selfe bemone?  
Why hauing friends within come you alone  
To feed sad melancholly, and inuent  
To doe a rash aet, which youle soone repent?

The younger Deere made answer, Can ye muse  
Why I am sad, and wherefore I doe vse  
All meanes to free my selfe, from being thus  
A slauē to him that's foe to all of vs?  
Know brother, I endure more sorrowes here,  
In one halfe day, then you in one whole yeere.  
For you haue liberty to come and goe,  
Though forrester and wood-man both say no.  
But I by crutll man, imprisond keepe,  
Within this woodden walls, where none but sheepe,  
Hares, Conyes, Cowes, and other of my kinne  
Are my associates, simple soules within.  
I haue no beast of worth, of birth, or wit,  
With whom I may conuerse; but faine to fit

My lofty spirit to the lowly straine,  
Of base companions, sluggish, fearefull, vaine.  
No Woules or Dogs come here, whereby decaies  
The exercise of valure and the praise.  
The traps for vermin, are so thicke beset,  
That of entimes they some of vs doe get.  
The watchfull keeper, euery night and morne,  
Commands me rise, and rest with his shrill horne,  
He with his Lymehound rounds the pale about,  
For feare least we be stolne or broken out,  
He feeds vs cheerefully, and doth prouide  
Sufficient meat that's fit for euery tide ;  
But being fat, he chooseth which he likes,  
And through our sides, deaths forked arrow strikes.  
Thus all he doth, is his owne turne to serue,  
And for his owne life doth our liues preserue.  
Then gentle brother helpe to free me hence,  
And my swift thanks shall yeeld you recompence.  
Stay brother mad-brain stay, quoth Light foot thi  
If you were out, you'd wish you in agen.  
I was in *Syria* borne, and euery yeere  
A dangerous voyage make, for what you here  
Enioy with proud contempt. We cannot find  
Content on earth, without a thankfull mind.  
You slight your ease and plenty ; we, alas !  
With toyle seeke that which you with scorne let passe  
Our meat is grutchd, we like to robbers watcht,  
So what we feed on, here and there is snatcht.  
The pale you call your prison rather may,  
Be tearmd your Castle, Garden, Closet, Stay,  
To keepe out others from those ioyes of yours,  
Or to preserue you from these woes of ours.

*Monarchia.*

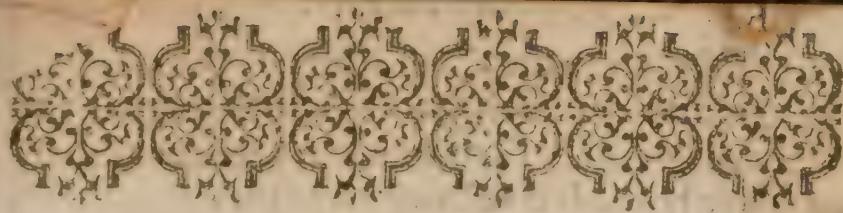
Whilst we without by Lyons, Leopards, Beares,  
Wolues, Eagles, Serpents, and a thousand feares,  
Are howrely vext, beset, besieged so,  
That as our shadowes, death doth next vs goe.  
Yet none our deaths reuenge, nor craues account,  
How our neglected blood is lauished out.  
For eu'en that Man (which is your guard) to vs  
Proclai mes himselfe a foe, most dangerous.  
He hunts for our destruction cheeres the hound,  
Rides, runs, whoopes, hollowes, and at etiery sound,  
Rings our shrill deaths bell with so fearefull blast,  
As charmes our ioyns to heare, whilst hounds make  
To finish our desired death, and glut (hast  
VVith our sweet flesh, each vermins maw and gut.  
Thus doe we die abroad, for euery man  
Claimes right in vs, and labors all they can,  
Our weary feet in toyles, nets, snares t' inclose,  
VVhen you haue friends, to guard you from your foes  
If therefore you haue told me truth that there  
You doe no creature but your keeper feare;  
O bring me to this prison, shew me how  
I may obtaine a blessed life with you.  
Direct me to a leape, ile soone leape in.  
“ Tis happinesse, vnhappy to haue been.  
VVith that he mounts the pale, adue quoth he,  
Vaine, wide, wild world; who serues the law is free.

*Epimythi-*

## Epimythium.

There bath been long disputation to finde out the true freedome. The world holds opinion that Libertines who doe what they list, and lust what soeuer is unlawfull are onely free men. Cain was founder of this brotherhood. He might doo what he list, he was a vagabond exempt from lawes, he had a marke of priuiledge set upon him to keepe him from punishment here. Our Jesuits and King-killers being exempt from the temporall sword are free of this company. But the child of God whose affections are mortified, who obeys law for conscience sake, who is a law unto himselfe, is the onely freeman; for him the Magistrate beares the sword in vaine. He would be honest without law, and will be honest if the law should forbid him. Yet would he not resist, but submit himselfe to power. Hee is free of that company whereof S. Paul professeth himselfe one when hee saith, I haue learned in all estates to bee contented. How much more happy are they who liue vnder the protection of a good King, and wholesome lawes, then these are who liuing here like outlawes, goe without contradiction out of momentary pleasure and liberty into eternall slauery and punishment.

THE



## The Cony-burrow.

Dedicated to the louers of worth,  
and friends of vertue, who follow  
truth with a single heart, and speake it  
with a single tongue.

Be innocent, but circumspect withall,  
The Turtles mate may be the Turtles stall.  
Be wise yet trust not wit. The traps we make  
For others, first doe our false fingers take.  
What we delight to vse, take pride to weare,  
Take vs; as Absalon hangd with his haire.  
Then walke vpright, to neither hand encline,  
There's nought frees innocence, but grace divine.

He Polcat, Ferret, Lobstar, Wea-  
sell, made  
A secret match, the Cony to in-  
uade:  
VVhich no way they could com-  
passee, whilst he kept  
Himselfe abroad, when as hee fed  
or slept.

At

At last the Polcat to the Cony went,  
With this smooth speech. Good cousen my intent  
Hath been long since t' acquaint you with our kin,  
And tell ye how our cousenage came in.

Your Grandame was my carefull fostermother,  
To your kind Sire, I was a fosterbrother;  
My education, nurture, and my foode,  
I from my youth receiued from your sweet brood.  
In recompence whereof, my thankfull mind,  
A fitte requitall long desired to finde.

The time is come, for I haue lately found,  
A secret plot, wherein the cunning hound

The close dissembling Tumbler, *Lurcher* swift,  
With Raynard that knowes many a subtil shift.

The Eagle and the Goshauke, haue agreed,  
Their stomacke with your dainty flesh to feed.  
First they intend the hound shall hunt you out,  
And by your footing heate ye once about.

Then shall that hypocrite, the *Tumbler* trie,  
To cheate you of your life, with his false eie.

But if he faile, the Lurcher with his speed,  
Will snatch yee vp (they hope) and do the deed.

If not the Eagle, Fox, and Goshauke, sweare,  
To eat no meat, till on your lims they teare.

The harmlesse Cony; at this dire report,  
Ready to sound, besought in humble fort  
The wary Polcat him t' instruct and teach  
A way, how he might scape his foes long reach.  
Faith (quoth the Polcat) you perhaps might hide,  
Your selfe among thicke bushes vnespide,  
But that the Hounds and Lurcher both are there,  
whose sents will quickly find ye out, Ifeare.

Again

Againe vpon the rocks, you might remaine,  
But that the Eagle, Fox, and Goshauke saine  
Thei'l watch ye there; so that no other way  
Remaines to scape with life, but night and day  
To scrape and grate with your forefeet, a den,  
Within the earth, where safe from beaits and men,  
And foule, and euery bloody foe you shall,  
Your life securely lead in spite of all.

The simple Cony doubting no deceit,  
Thought treason had not councell for a bait.  
And therefore thanks his foe, and (glad at heart)  
To dig his owne graue vseth all his art.  
A sandy place he seeks, and finding one,  
Free from all clay, or flint, or other stone,  
He with his forefeet grates, and makes a burrow,  
As deepe, as if he ment to trauaile thorow,  
The body of the earth, and meet the Sunne,  
When it vnto the *Antipodes* doth run.  
Which hauing finisht, he prepares a feast,  
And there the Polcat is the chiefest guest.  
The Lobster, Ferret, Weasel too must goe,  
To ioy him in his house, they loue him so;  
And their great friend, the siluer-suited Snake,  
Must needs along with them, and merry make:  
He welcomes them, and doth before them set,  
What iunckets he with purse or paines could get.  
The Lyons Court hath not a dainty dish,  
But he prouides it, euен beyond their wish.  
" Yet they that long for blood, till blood be shed,  
" Cannot be satisfied, though fully feed.  
Ingratitude! thou monster of the minde,  
Art thou not only proper to mankind?

Is there a beast that can forget his friend,  
And for his owne ends, worke his fellowes end?  
Is there a beast whose lust prouokes him kill  
The beast that did him good, nere wisht him ill?  
Is there a beast who vnder kinidnesse can  
Dissemble hate? O then thrice happy man!  
Thou art not only he that kilit thy brother,  
Some beasts there are that murther one another.  
Some foules, some fishes, Serpents some there are  
VVho pray vpon their kind in open war.  
And some that vnder friendship fally faid,  
VVith fellowes murther haue their natures staind.  
Nay there is one who can so couer euil,  
That man may iudge him Angell, find him diuell.  
He first with sweet meats poysond Adams seed,  
Since when of sweet meats wifest men take heed.

So need not these bold guests, they eat and drink  
And then rise vp to play; but neuer thinke  
Ought fadgeth right, till they haue brought to passe  
The purposde plot for which this meeting was.  
Therefore (dissemblingly) the Polcat gins,  
To licke and catch the Cony, and so wins  
Hold vnderneath his throat, which hauing fast,  
The tragedy begins, the sport is past.  
For all assault him then on euery part,  
Some at his sides, some at his head and heart.  
Some at his belly, but the poisonous Snake,  
Doth at his tayle a deadly issue make.  
The helplesse Cony sies, intreats, and striues,  
But he must die had he ten thousand liues.  
Each foy his greedy gorge with blood doth glut  
And with his sweet flesh cram each honow gut.

But

“ But blood that’s sweet in tast, is not so found,  
“ To feed vpon, as milke that’s easier found.  
The Snake with poisonous touch had venome spred,  
Through all the swelling vaines, from taile to head.  
And they had suckt the blacke infection in ;  
A fitting vengeance for their crying sinne.  
Straight they their stomacke find not well at ease,  
And something feele, that doth their minds displease.  
The V V easel first suspects the Snake, for he  
Can neuer with a Serpent well agree ;  
Saies, they are poisond all by one base slauie,  
VV hose company the Ferret needs would haue.  
The Snake replies, he did no more but what  
He was appointed to performe by plot.  
And if they foolishly had eat their last,  
He could not mend with sorrow what was past.  
They find it true, but find it now too late,  
Each rauing dies, and yeelds constraind by fate.  
Yet ere they die, all doe their farewell take,  
By shaking teeth together on the Snake.  
VV ho deadly wounded, crawles but faintly thence,  
Confounded with the guilt of his offence.  
And heeding not his way, by good mishap,  
Became a prisoner to the warriners trap.  
This feast was ended thus, death tooke away,  
And where they did not well we mend it may.

*Epimythium.*

## Epimythium.

Some are of opinion that wisedome consisteth in the abilitie to gaine good counsell. But I thinke the knowledge how to take good counsell, and how to discerne the differences of advise, is the principall partis of wisedome. That Frog in Æsop which in a greate drought spying water in a deep pit aduised his fellowes to leape downe, that they might be satisfied and liue there, gaue good counsell and seemed to be a patterne of the first wisedome spoken of. But the other Frogge that refused his advise, and diued deeper then the present time, then the bottome of the pit with this question; But if the water faile vs there, how shalld we get out, or how shalld we liue there? was a figure of the second wisedome, and teacheth vs that it is harder to take good counsell then to gaine it. Let vs therefore beware in this point, and learne to looke a little beyond that good which is first and most apparent in every project, The second and third good is that which we must rest on: for truth is often most remote and neerest the bottome, all that swims vp permost is the froth and false good and fraud.

THE



## The House of Fame.

Dedicated to all the noble atten-  
dants of Royaltie in the Campe of  
Vertue, who fight for the honor of the  
Church, and Common-wealth.

Till now of late we feard that loud report,  
Of Cressy field, Poictiers, and Agincourt,  
Fought by our Kings and Princes heretofore,  
Had not been true, or should be told no more.  
We wondred if those Nobles euer were  
Whom fame for armes and bounty did prefer:  
We doubted all our Countries had forgot.  
The deede of Audely or beleeu'd it not.  
we thought our Nation was of worth bereft,  
When bowes and arrowes and browne bills were left.  
But see, occasion now hath turnd our eyes,  
To inward wars where greater wonders rise.  
To see affection conquer'd, lust chastis'd e,  
Pride humbled, Murther slaine, all vice despis'd e.  
And all old vertues freshly now reneude,  
By faire examples as the Sun i're verwd.  
In which braue war of wonders (passing far

All other conflicts that compounded are  
(Of loue and hate) each Lord who lends a hand  
To fight against vice for vertue, doth this land  
More honor then his ancestors before  
In conquering France, and shall be fam'd for't more.  
Some for their Prudence who found out and led,  
Others for zeale through whom the enemy fled.  
Others for Art, whose skill the squadrons placed  
Others for Iustice who the enemy chased,  
And some for Constancie, who held it out.  
And still unwearied, not unwounded fought.  
But none more fame attaint then mercies squire,  
who beg'd to giue, all sauing in desire,  
He Audely-like taught Courtiers how to craue  
what they might giue away, and giuing saue,  
Saue free from feare of forfeiture or losse,  
Or there-begging or the next yeeres crosse :  
Or enuies eye-sore, or the Commons hate,  
Or poores complaint, or grieuance of the state,  
To him and to the rest, this tale is sent,  
Howsoever taken with a good intent.

**F**ame that in Homers time a vagrant was,  
Without a house and home, did after passe  
In stately structures all the mixed race  
Of Semdeities, and every place  
Built her a Court, assisted by the Rages  
Of sundry Poets in succeeding ages.

For

For euery one did something adde, to frame  
More space and roome for their friends narrow fame.  
Which as they purchast, still to her they gaue  
And that's the cause, them selues so little haue.

This Fame hath now her house glazde all with eies,  
The rafts, beames, balkes, nerues, sinewes, arteries ;  
The dores wide open, eares; hangd round about  
With nimble tongues, and couerd so without.  
All things are seene and heard the wide world ore  
Which touch that place, and farthest off the more.  
The House of Fame built vp foure stories hie,  
Stands in an open plaine, in which doth lie  
Foure sister twins, *True fame, and good the first,*  
And eldest are; false and had fame the worst.  
And youngest payre, yet swiftest are in flight  
And though last borne, yet oft come first to light,  
These last dwell in two darker roomes below,  
Among the thicke Crowdes where all errors grow.  
There keepe they Court, where Scandals, Libels, lies,  
Rumors, Reports, Suspicions, calumnies,  
Are fauorites and Goernors of State,  
Whose practise 'tis true worth to ruinate.  
False fame liues lowest, and true Fame aboue,  
Bad Fame next false, good fame next, true doth moue:  
Yet good fame somtime doth with false fame stay,  
And bad fame sometime doth with true fame play,  
But false and true (opposd) will neuer meete,  
Nor bad and good fame, one the other greeete.

It so fell out (as oft strange things befall)  
A gallant Knight, arived at that faire Hall,  
Attended on with such a noble sort,  
Of warlike squires, as fild this spatiouse Court.

Who curiously enquiring of the rout,  
Whose Court it was, could no waies find it out.  
For contradictions crosse each other so,  
As truth from falsehood he could no waies know.  
Bad fame did call it hers, and said, she was  
A guide to such as vnto glo y passe.  
False Fame did call it hers; he saw they lide,  
For 'boue their heads, two brighter Queens he spide.  
True fame spake to him then, and let him know,  
Tha: she and good fame did the building owe,  
Being eldest borne, to *Tit:an* and the Earth,  
Before the Gyants war: when th'others birth  
Long since was subiect to their parents sinne,  
And heauens curse which now they liued in.  
For as those Gyants against the Gods did war,  
So these to t:uth professed enemies are;  
Had by strong hand, and fraud, vsurpd her state:  
And to expresse to vertue v. most hate,  
Had bard all passage to their houfes hie,  
That mortall men might in oblivion die  
Or haue their memories blasted, glories kild  
By eating time, wi h lies and slanders kild.  
She wisht him then if he his good desired  
To haue repeated, or his spi it aspired  
To worthy honor as old knights had wont,  
(Whose swords not rust, but too much vse did blunt)  
That he would vse some meanes to set them f:ee,  
Whereby his blest name might eternizd be.

Good Fame then told him, that the only way,  
How he this enterprize accomplish may,  
Was by the helpe of mercy, prudence, art,  
Justice and zeale, and Constancy of heart.

All their knowne friends to summon vp in armes,  
To force the place, and to disperse those swarmes  
Of idle vagabonds; who kept below  
And hated good Fame, would not true fame know.  
Then (since the stayres of fame were broken downe,  
And do. es stopt vp to glory and renowne)  
She wilde him make an engine wherewithall,  
He might her lodging and her sisters scale.  
And so himselfe in spite of perill, raise  
Aboue the reach of enuy, or dispraise.

The Knight (in spirit rauisht with delight  
To heare their speech, to see their goodly sight)  
Mounts his fierce Coursers backe, with which at hand  
His Squires attend vpou his strict command.  
Wils euery one of them to take a dame,  
Such as the Ladies of the house did name,  
Who there attended that they might direct  
This high attempt, with order and respect.  
The Squires with willing minds the knight obaide,  
And each behind them tooke a louely maide.  
*Prudence* directs her Squires to lead the way,  
(Who followes her direction cannot stray,)  
At length they come vnto a fruitfull wood,  
Wherein a world of vpright timber stood;  
Tall Cedars, Cypres, Pine and royall Okes,  
With country Elmes, and Ash for plow and yokes.  
The lea ned Laurell, and the weeping Mirrh,  
The smarting Birch, and the sweet smelling Firr  
Grew there in order, and all trees beside,  
Wherein the thrifty Woodreeue taketh pride.  
The knight suruaies all this, yet finds not one  
Fit to be feld; till *Prudence* lightis vpon

A proud straight *Aspe*, whose wauing top did leane  
On a slight *Poplar*, with some shrubs betweene.  
The cursed *Eldar*, and the fatall *Teve*,  
With *Witch* and *Nighshade* in their shadowes grew ;  
Whose saples tops, with mildewes often stood,  
And grew self-seare, and ouertopt the wood.  
The *Rauen* & *Shrikeowl* there did build their neasts,  
And at their roots did harbour harmefull beasts,  
Which *Prudence* saw, but mercy would not see,  
Till she perceiu'd how euery other tree  
Droop'd vnderneath the height of these alone,  
And could not thriue, or grow till these were gone.  
She therefore (ioynd with *Constancie* and *Zeale*)  
Besought sharpe *Justice*, who doth euenly deale  
Her warie blowes, to fell all these with speed ;  
Who soone consents, and soone, performes the deed.  
At euery stroke she fetcht, the trees did grone,  
The rest did echo laughter to their mone.  
And now they lye along, their branches topt,  
Their barke pild off, their trunks asunder chopt.  
Then *Art* with rule and line, these vselesse payer  
Frames (engine-like) a straight clowd climing stayer  
To mount *Fames* house ; this euery *Squire* doth reare  
And brauely on their backs do thi her beare.  
But *Mercy* seeing all the other ment  
To burne the *Chips*, to saue them she is bent.  
And, with her *Squire*, the knight praies, let them lye,  
For he shall gaine, and glory get thereby.  
Since chips which cut from *Aspe* and *Poplar* bee,  
Do soone take roote, each growes a goodly tree.  
The knight consents, and fenceth round the spring.  
Whose forward growth doth hope of profit bring.

And

111  
And now, together to the house of *Fame*  
With speede they passe, where first the *falseſt Dame*  
Salutes them with a lye, and saith ſhe heares  
Her *Sisters* are together by the eares,  
And haue destroyde each other; this ſhe had  
From her *Twineſſt Sister*, who tells rumors bad.

They ſlight her leaſings, and with ſpeedy assay  
To raise the lather, where bold *Zeale* makes way;  
But *false Fame* and her *Sister*, lay about  
To hinder her, with all their rascal route.  
*Slander, foole-hardines, and heartles feare,*  
*With foolish Pittie, and false Loue was there,*  
*Damnde Infidelitie, and ſecret Hate,*  
*And treaſon too, that cloſe diſembling mate.*  
Who all with open mouth, and open lyes,  
All waies to stop his honord worke deuife.  
They raile, and fight, intreat, and curse and ban.  
The Knight proceedes, in ſcorne of what they can.  
And mounts the ladder, with his ſword in hand,  
Which ſoone diſparkles, ſuch as dare withstand.  
*Zeale* hales him vp, and *Prudence* guides him right,  
*True Conſtancie* encourageth the fight,  
*Mercy* ſaues all the innoſent, who ſwarme  
For compagnie, not with intent of harme;  
Art orders euery act, the engine ſtaiſes  
And helps the Knight ſtep after ſtep, to praise  
The lusty ſquires below, with ſword and lance,  
Withſtand bad fame, whilst Iuſtice doth aduance  
Her heauy hatchet, and ſtrikes off the head  
Of both the leaders, and there leaues them dead.  
Which when their troopes diſcouer, they forſake  
Th'vſurped fortrefſe, and themſelues betake.

To heady flight, into a marsh neere hand,  
Where many whispering reeds and Osiars stand.  
There they like out-lawes do themselues inclose,  
In wilfull banishment, with all the foes  
Of this good knight, whose valure vndertooke  
This high attempt, that Fame might rightly looke  
On all deseruers, and that man might finde,  
Like freedome for his tongue, as for his mind.  
That vertue might be crowned by true fame,  
And honest meaning liue with honored name.

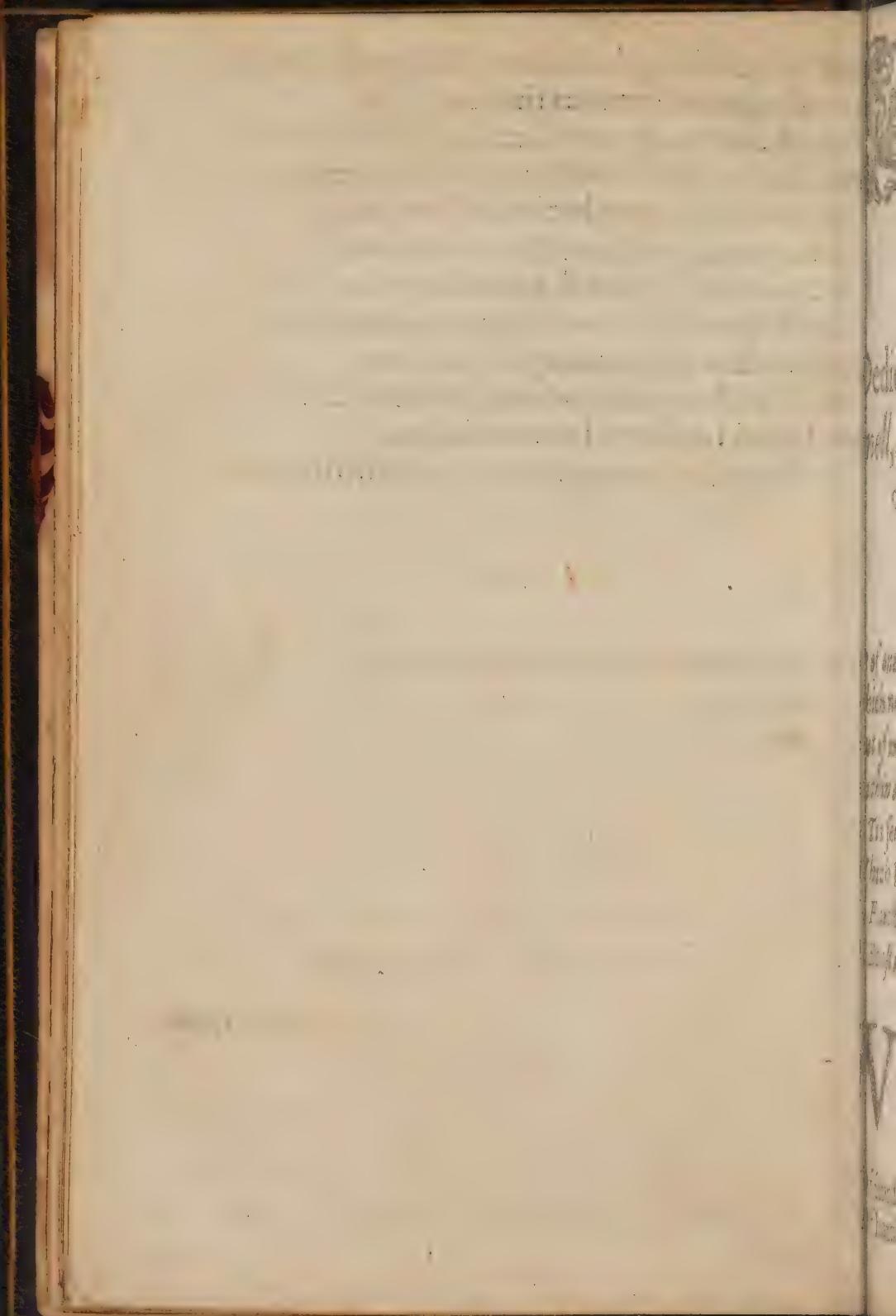
Which promise gladly both the sisters swore,  
In solemne forme ; and now as heretofore  
The freedome of their tongues they both possesse ;  
And worth is knowne from base vnworthinessse.  
The knight they humbly thanke, and him they crowne  
The Soueraigne of glory and renowne.  
Which stile, Fames trumpetters the foure winds blow  
Through th' earths foure quarters, that the world may  
Th' exteint of verious actions ; how no power (know  
Can stop their passage, nor lanke time deuoure  
Their sweet remembrance ; which shall liue as long  
As nature hath an eare, or eye, or tongue.  
To euery Squire then they this fauour giue,  
That afer death their Fames shall euer liue ;  
For still those Ladies, whose imploiment they  
So well aduanc't shall duly night and day  
Repeate their labors, and prefer them far  
Beyond *Alcides* workes, as peace doth war  
Surpassle in glory, or those works we doe,  
When others wills, and ours we conquer too.  
Now 'tis proclaimd that if we tell no lies,  
We may with boldnesse speake and feare no spies.

That

hat what this age hath done, this age may heare,  
s well repeated now as the next yeere.  
hat all our words our selues shall first expound,  
nd that no forc't construction shall confound  
ur honest meaning, but bee't ill or well,  
Ve may with freedome our opinions tell.  
ince no man d.res to doe the thing which he,  
Vould haue all the world both hcare and see.  
hese orders ratified, they fall to sport,  
nd fill with maskes and reuells all the Court.  
he sequel I refer to Fames relation,  
Vhose golden trumpe sounds vs a blessed nation.

---

*Satellitium.*





## Satellitum.

Dedicated to all that stand Sen-  
nell, that watch and ward in defence  
of this kingdome, especially to the  
strength and guard of  
the State.

of one minde; Religion tyes a knot,  
which none undoes, by practise or by plot.  
It is in that we differ, be our breed  
ithin one house, or wombe, of all one seede.  
Tis severd soone by hate, respect, or gold,  
which Law can never shoulder, art make hold.  
Faith only ioynes, what nothing sunder can.  
Beasts loue for benefits, for vertue Man.

**W**Ho guarded round about, with  
Parthian bowes,  
Or Spanish pikes; or hedg'd and  
dikt with rowes  
f sturdie Ianisaries, or the shot  
f hardy Swizzars, or the valiant Scot.

And

And after these with walles of steele and brasie,  
Hemd in so close that scarce the ayre may passe  
Betwixt the clifffes, is not so free from doubt,  
As is that King whom loue doth guard about.  
Whom subiects loue doth guard, because that he  
Guards them from all oppression, and makes free  
His noble fauou' ers to desert and worth,  
Spreading his valiant vertues frankly forth,  
That both his owne may finde, and neighbors know  
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow.  
How sweet an odor Iustice sends to heauen,  
How rare example is to Princes giuen.  
By vertuous deeds, to stop the mouthes of those,  
Who vnreform'de are reformatiōn's foes.  
Such one sleepes safe within the armes of loue,  
Diuine regard doth all his subiects moue  
To due obedience; and with sacred awe  
Binds conscience, with a stronger bond then lawe.  
Such heauen informes, whilst hell doth vndermine,  
And spite of darkest plots with grace diuine  
Doth hedge about, that naked in the armes  
Of enemies he is preseru'd from harmes.  
They sleepe securely, feed on holsome cates,  
Angels their beds make, cookes their delicates  
Giues Antidotes aginst poysons, doth defend  
Aginst d̄mned witches and their God the fiend,  
No Iesuits at their elbowes can do hurt,  
Nor troopes of Papists that their courts ingirt.  
For God doth them in his bleſt armes incloſe,  
Safe, though their chiefest fauourites were foes.  
O happy then good Kings proceed, ride on,  
Grow vp in glory, as you haue begun.

de on for truths sake, looke on either hand,  
ow you are guarded with a heauenly band  
f blessed spirits, who shall lead you still  
holy paths, and guide your steps from ill.  
ese being with you, you shall boldly tread  
pon the Lyon, and the Dragons head,  
nd trample danger vnderneath your feete,  
s men tread stones, or dirt within the street,  
hich only spraids them; your heauen-garded state  
safer far, then that of Mithridate,  
he King of *Pontus*, vnto whom befell,  
Vhat strange aduenture in this tale I tell.

Psal. 5

This King perceiuing well there was no band,  
f duty, loue, or nature, could withstand  
he strong inticement of corrupting gold,  
Dr baser lust, or humor ouerbolt,  
Dr fond ambition (which makes empty slaves  
wim bladder borne vpon the floting waues  
Of false Opinion, with the arme of pride,  
Of borrowed power, and ignorance beside)  
But that these would peruernt the faith they had,  
And cause them after farther hopes run mad;  
Did to preuent all this, a guard prouide  
Of faithfull beasts, whose strength had oft been tried.

Ælii

A Bull, a Horse, a Hare, the Captaines were,  
Of this strong guard, whose force did nothing feare  
But falsehood, and Ingratitude, and Treason,  
From which they were as free, as man from reason  
Vhy knowing more then beasts, he should not hate  
As they doe, to be treacherous, and ingrate.

These three together being put to feed,  
And sport them selues till there were farther need

Of

Of their knowne faith, together long did dwell  
In peace and loue, till on a time it fell  
That they with rest and ease full fed and fat,  
Had time to play, to dally, and to chat.  
Then did the wanton Hart propound a course,  
Betwixt himselfe and the couragious Horse.  
The warlike Horse did dare the horned Bull  
To make one in the race, who straight way full  
Of burning choller, and aduusted blood,  
Bad cowards run, hee for no footman stood.  
Twas meet for them that durst not stand it out,  
To vse their heeles, his heart was too too stout.

The angry Hart replies, ther's none of you,  
But may to me as to your better bow,  
I swifter then the Horse, my feet can vse,  
And for my head, the Bull ile not refuse  
To combat with, my courage I am sure  
Is like my strength as able to indure,  
And doe, as either of you dare or can,  
And more I am esteemed by royall man.  
Those Serpents which you run from, I seeke forth,  
And teare them with my teeth as nothing worth.  
And as my life to man is sweet and pleasing,  
So is my death, each part some sorrow easing.  
My hornes all mortall poysone can expell,  
My marrow makes stiffe-iynted misers well.  
My fat yeelds strength and sweetnesse; that fierce ~~la~~  
~~Achilles~~, neuer other spoonemeat had.  
Which made him such a Captaine, euery part  
Is physicall and comforteth the heart.  
Yea eu'en my excrements the dropsie cures,  
My teares, like precious Jewels, man allures.

seek them vp, wheresoever they be shed.  
y skin great Captaines weare when I am dead ;  
nd boast that they haue such a coat of proofe,  
hich wounds withstands, whence venome stands  
en why ) O baser creatures ) dare you brag ( aloofe.  
nd match your selues with the long liuing Stag ?  
y life is long, cause I with cost am wrought,  
it nature slightes your liues, as good for nougat.  
The crested Horse, with fiery eyes did shew,  
hat inward rage did in his hot blood figw  
heare this bold speech vttered, and with head  
ost in the ayre his hardned hoofes doth tread  
ne scornd earth with contempt, then thus breaks  
O thou fearefull of all the rout (out;  
f hunted beasts, how haps it that you dare  
ith me your master and your Lord compare ?  
orget ye my preheminence? the loue  
an beares me? how one spirit seemes to moue  
e and my rider? that we start and run,  
op, turne, trot, amble, as we were but one ?  
aue you at any time been calld to war,  
here none but Captaines and great Souldiers are ?  
usted to heare their Councels? on your backe  
orne the Commander of that royll packe ?  
haue done this and more, borne him about  
hrough worlds of danger, and then borne him out  
e trufts me when his legs he dare not trust,  
nd when his hand, faile them forme I must.  
ay when he failes himselfe in euery part,  
adde another life, another heart.  
war I thus befriend him, in his need,  
nd so in peace, I helpe his wants to feed.

I till

I till this land that else would barren be,  
Beare all his carriage, and am seldome free  
From some imploiment, but must neere him stand  
As being fit, and apt for his command.  
If he to visit friends abroad doth fare,  
I must along with him, true friends we are.  
If he intends to hunt such beasts as you,  
For sport, or hate, or need, he lets me know  
The time, the place, the end, and we agree,  
I see the sport, and hunt as well as he.  
How often haue I seene some fearefull Hart,  
Perhaps your sire, at my dread presence start,  
Fly hence with vtmost speed, and neuer slacke  
His willing pace, when I vpon my backe  
Bearing my noble master haue at length  
O'retane the lubber, hauing lost his strength?  
VVhilst I still foming courage, breathing sprite,  
Haue sought another conquest long ere night;  
And after that a third, vnwearied yet,  
Yet you your selfe as Paralell will set  
To match and ouernatch my worth, my force;  
As if weake Stags might braue the peerelesse Horse  
For physicall receipts easily yeeld,  
Aliue I profit man, you being kild,  
This makes him seeke your death, my life to saue,  
Yet being dead my parts their vertues haue.  
VVhich I refer to others to relate,  
As scorning Hog-like to doe good so late.  
This only I conclude, If man should choose  
To saue but one, hee'd both of you refuse.

540 The armed Bull sweld, pust and roard alowd,  
To heare the Hart so bold, the Horse so proud.

Satellitum.

And all the while they spake, he tost about  
With hornes and hoofes the dust; then bellowd out  
This bolder braue; What ignorance is this,  
That causeth both of you, so much amisse  
To boast your false worths, and neglect the true,  
Which rests in me, belongs to none of you?  
The Wolfe, the Greyhound, and each questing cur,  
Makes thee poore trembling Hart keepe such a stir,  
To shift thy layer, as if thy life were lost,  
With euery faint blast, that the leaues downe tost.  
And this couragious Horse, that makes a quoile,  
Of wounds in war, and tilling of the soyle,  
With many other vses fit for man,  
As they that least can doe, best cauill can)  
Let this his answer be, the spur and bit  
Shewes man trusts not his courage, nor his wit.  
For if he tyre or faint, his spur prouokes,  
And prickes him forward, with continuall strokes.  
And if with head-strong heat, he madly rides,  
The bridle curbes him, and his folly guides.  
‘ All voluntary acts the actors praise,  
‘ Not such as others by constraint doe raise.  
‘ Out of our natures, whilst we easily are  
‘ Made instruments either of peace, or war.  
Else might our horned Heards, the rescue boast  
Of *Hannibal*, and his distressed hoast,  
When he with lights and torches tyde to vs,  
Escapt the trap, of lingring *Fabius*.  
But truth is far from such ostents, those deeds  
We call our owne, which from our choice proceeds.  
The yoke we beare, and wherewithall we till  
The earth for man, is by constraint, not will.

C

What

Pluta  
vita h

Cunc  
restitu  
rem E

What comfort from our flesh, or from our Cowes,  
By calues, or milke, or Cheese or Butter flowes,  
Or physicall receipts, as they are more,  
And vsefuller, then what you both before  
Haue mentioned, so freely I confesse  
Man hath in them the glory more or lesse.  
His wit and industry, in them is seene,  
And th' Authors goodnesse from whom first we bee  
War is the good you glory in, which springs  
From mans ambitious ignorance, and brings  
Want, woe, and death, with many ills beside,  
To scourge vs all, through our great masters pride..  
Then at the best, you are but slaues to such,  
As feeding you, foode to their like doe grutch. (tall  
And through your force, their owne reuengements  
Whilst you to stout men; cowards equall make.  
For what from you they borrow, they must grant  
They feare their foes enjoy, whilst they doe want.  
Thus therefore all the nobler nations vse  
To fight on foot, whilst coward rather choose  
To share with beasts in glory, and to get  
Themselues a name, through your foole hardy heat.  
So you on them, and they on you depend,  
Such seruice iudgement neuer did commend.  
And thus in sportiue war, and warlike sport,  
You doe your rider from himselfe transport.  
Whilst you not man-like grow, but beast-like he  
Resembles you, in all these sports we see.  
Yea often to mischance you doe betray  
Your heedlesse rider, and in midst of play  
Precipitate his soddaine fortune so,  
That who hath you a faiend, shall need no foe;

ut may himselfe, a happy man proclaime,  
By your meanes he scapes without a maime,  
But now if either of you, thinke you can,  
Out of your owne worthes, proue more fit for man,  
And better able to defend, and guard,  
Im whom we serue, from whom we haue reward,  
hen I can with my hornes, and harnast hide,  
roceed to triall, I defie your pride;  
And with bold challenge summon you to fight,  
A triple combat, to decide the right.

They both with eager appetite accept  
These wisht conditions, and by this haue stept  
For from each other; all prepard doe stand  
At full carere, to ioyne this treble band.

The field triangle wise they evenly cast,  
And each with rage expects, that dreadly blast,  
Which warnes them charge. Each roreth out his  
Nor other need of drums or trumpets hath. (wrath,  
The Hart doth bray, the bounding Steed doth neigh,  
The Bull doth bellow, deepe, and lowde and high.  
The earth doth tremble, and the ayre doth shun,  
This dreadfull thunder; as when laden gun  
Pits forth its load, in scorng to be restraint,  
The ayre giues way vnto the bullets chaind,  
As dreading to resist so mighty force,  
Thus meet the valiant Bull, the Hart and Horse.

The Hart and Horse first touch tha' ppointed place  
Being more swift, and apter for the race.  
And let each other, with much danger feele  
The force of horned head, and armed heele.  
But ere a second bout they can performe,  
In comes the boystrous Bull, like winters storme,

And

And seuers them with such a violent push,  
 That they amazde, turne giddy with the rush.  
 But nimble both and actiue they repay  
 The sturdie Bull, with all the speed they may.  
 The Hart with his broadhornes, doth make him ree:  
 But the kinde Horse, vpholds him with his heele.  
 The Bull thanks neither, for the one did pearce  
 His hollow flanke, the other much more fearece,  
 Did breake a rib, and bruise his shoulde blade,  
 And taught him with lesse choller to inuade.  
 Yet th' ods is soone recouer'd with his horne,  
 Which hath the belly of the *Courser* torne.  
 And rent one weaker beame, from branched Hart,  
 As trees by thunder riuen, or clouen athwart.  
 The subtle Hart, then shuns those ruder blowes,  
 And tho' ds of handistrokes too dearely knowes.  
 The Horse taught by his wounds, doth keepe aloofe:  
 And stands vpon defence, with hardned hoofe.  
 The Bull assaults them both with watchfull eye,  
 And seeks how he aduantages may spie.  
 The Horse and Hart vpon their guard do stand,  
 In doubt and iealousie, on either hand.  
 The Bull assaults the Hart, but he giues way,  
 And slips his furie with what slight he may.  
 Yet turnes not head, as fearefull cowards will,  
 But wefes aside, to tyre his foe with skill.  
 The Bull then strikes the Horse a deadly cuff,  
 But he requites him with a counterbuff.  
 The Hart strikēs in betwixt, the Bull turnes rownd,  
 The Horse leaps right vp, doth coruet, and bownd;  
 So at one instant, fatally they meeete;  
 The Bull his death meets from the Horses feet.

The Hart th' aduantage takes, the Horse aloft  
Strikes his one horne into his belly soft,  
Which there hangs fast ; the Horse doth with his fall.  
Breakes the Harts necke, this is the end of all  
None hath the conquest, all of them are slaine.  
Their deaths not doubted, long they there remaine,  
Till that the King their Master, hauing neede  
Of their attendance, goes his guard to feed,  
For none might tend them else, least they acquainted  
With others bribes, by treason should be tainted.

So enters he the place, and there he spies  
What doth affright him, all his comfort lies  
Dead at his feet, then sadly going neere  
Their carrion corpes, he doth a murmur heare,  
As armed souldiers in a Citie sound,  
Or fire in th' ayre, or wind within the ground.  
And doubting the successe, three feuerall swarmes  
He sees prepar'd for fight, and vp in armes.  
Bees from the Bull, Wasps from the Horse do start,  
And Hornets from the melancholly Hart.

He motions peace, and hopes to part the fray,  
They send three souldiers, who sends him away.  
For each of them doth fix his venomd sting,  
Within the flesh of the amazed King.  
He flies with speed from thence, they fight it out ;  
The conquest all expect, all feare and doubt.  
But what befell I know not ; this I know,  
The King crieth out aloud. The euils that grow  
From pride, ambition, and excesse of grace,  
" Like thanklesse curs, flie in their masters face.  
" Beasts will be beasts, doe bounty what it can,  
" Tis cast away, that's giuen to worthlesse man.

O Princes banish faction from the Court,  
It sowres all actions, leauens euery sport.  
And at the last, when it should sweetly close,  
From one false friend riseth a thousand foes.

---

*FINIS.*

---







## A PRÆMONITION TO THE INTELLI- GENT READER.

Lest hee finding his affection  
or opinion crost in the praise or dispraise of  
some particular, should thereby be  
drawn to reade or reiect the rest  
with Præjudice.

**V**HO safely in the streme would swim,  
Must free from weeds keepe euery lym ;  
Lest flauue unto himselfe he grow,  
And vulgar humour drawes him low ;  
Or ventring in the deeps (too weake),  
Opinions windie bladder breake.  
We ought both in our selues and friends,  
To hate all acts with doubtfull ends ;  
And loue euern in our foes the good  
Which may be sever'd from their blood.

A

And

And if the times mislead vs so,  
To sooth those sinnes we would not do ;  
At least (like free-men) let vs thinke  
What's good and bad, although we winke.  
To this free nature if you finde  
These busie papers much inclinde ;  
Yet pardon them, and iudge aright,  
A free-man (not a slau) did write.  
Reade for your pleasure, close the Booke,  
On th' innocent outside all may looke.  
Th'intelligent within may prie :  
But barre th'Intelligencers eye.

THOMAS SCOT.

# SARCASMOS MVNDO:

O R,

*The Frontispice explained.*

**H**ow apt is Man to erre? Antiquitie  
Thinks it sees rig. t, and yct sees all awry.  
Our sight is impotent, the helpe we haue  
By <sup>a</sup> Art-full spectacles, doth much deprauie  
The truth of obiects; And tradition faith  
Booke vse to lye, And <sup>c</sup> Bookes deny her faith.  
Ecclipses of the Sunne were wonders thought,  
Till sage *Milesius* the causc out-sought.  
And man had not the wit to make a doubt  
Of halfe the world, till fortune found it out.  
But what this Age hath seene, makes that seeme truth  
The laughing wiseman wrote, which made the youth <sup>b</sup> *Democritus*  
Shed teares to reade it; that more worlds remaine  
Still vndiscouer'd then are yet made plaine.  
Deepe diuing *Paracelus* findes the ground  
With minerals and mettals to abound;  
More proper for our humors then the weedes,  
Hearbs, plants, & flowers, which spring from weaker  
This earth we liue on and do stedfast call, <sup>(seeds.)</sup>  
*Copernicus* proues giddy-brainde, and all

A 2

Thos

<sup>a</sup> Art  
Nature  
spectacles  
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If he  
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<sup>c</sup> Dem  
Ales

Those other bodies whose swift motions we  
So wonder at, he settled finds to be.  
Till sanctifi'd *ignatius* and his brood  
Found out the lawfull way of shedding blood,  
And prou'd it plainly that a subiect might  
Murther his *Prince*, we fondly vsde t'indite  
Such persons of high treason: Now before them  
We kneele, we pray, we worship and adore them.  
For with their merits now w'are more acquainted  
And know for zealous *Patriots* they are saincted.  
His power that doth it, till of late we doubted  
But now who questions it to death are flouted.  
Then let what I propound no wonder seeme,  
Though doting age new truthes do dis-esteeme,  
For time may make it plaine, and reason too  
May beare it out, though sure with much adoe.  
Causes foregoe effects by course of kinde,  
Yet first th' effect and then the cause we finde.  
And so much I do here, propound the thing,  
But stronger reason after-times may bring.  
Attend my Doctrine then. I say this Earth  
On which we tread, from whence we take our birth  
Is not, as some haue thought proportion'd round,  
And *Globe-like* with such zones, and girdies bound,  
As Poets or (more lyers) *Trauellers* say,  
But shap'd awry, and lookes another way.  
It is a monstrous Creature like a Man,  
Thrust altogether on a heape, we can  
Distinguish no part, goggle eyes, wide mouth,  
Eares that reach both the poles from north to south,  
Crump-shouldred, breast, & back, & thighs together  
The legs and feet all one, if it hath either.

In breefe it is the greatest Master *Devill*  
Shrowne downe from heauen, in whose wombe euery  
s radically fixt, and from thence springs (euill  
infusing natuue euill, in all such things  
As it doth breed and nourish. The place of *Hell*  
s in his wombe, there lesser deuils dwell.  
And when he stirres a limme, or breaketh winde,  
We call't an earth-quake, and the danger finde.  
Kings, Emperours, and mighty men that tread  
In highest state, are lyce vpon his head.  
The *Pope* and all his traine are skipping fleas  
That know no bounds, but leape lands-law and seas,  
The rest are nits or body-lyce, that craule  
Out of his sweat, such vermin are we all.  
From heauen this monster fell, and now doth lye  
Bruzde with the fall, past all recouery.  
Neither aliue, nor dead, nor whole, nor sound,  
Sinking, and swimming, in a sea profound  
Of sinne, and punishment, of paine, and terror,  
Of learned ignorance, and knowing error.  
No wonder then, that we who liue and dye  
On cursed earth, do all things thus awry,  
Being monstrous in our manners, and our minds,  
And mixing in the lust-full change of kyns.  
That we are full of passions, doubts, and feares,  
And daily fall together by the eares.  
No wonder that the Clergie would be Kings,  
Kings Church-men; Lords and Ladics equall things;  
So like in painting, spotting, starching, all,  
That Ladies Lords, and Lords we Madams call.  
For euen as Hares change shape and sex, some say  
Once euery yeare; these whores do euery day,

So that *Hirquittall* and his wife were waken  
By *Succubus* and *Incubus*, mistaken.

No wonder that Diuines the Parasites play  
In ieast and earnest ; Actors euery way.

No wonder that some theeuues doe Lawyers proue  
Since all these euils by course of nature moue,  
So farre; that it is question'd 'mongst the wise  
Which now is vertue, and which now is vice.

Two Crookbacks (not the third *Dick Gloster*, hight  
We will haue none of him, for he would fight)  
Debate this question, each assumes his part.

*Æsop* for vertue stands, and all his art,  
Is to instruct the world to leauue the sinne,  
And folly, which it lyes incompast in ;  
Weeps to behold it circled so with vices,  
Whose serpentine and poysond sting, intices  
To fading pleasure, and to deadly paine,  
By vse soone caught, but hardly left againe.  
He wries his necke at earth ; but 'tis to see  
How out of order euery part will bee.

He wills each *Reader* if my tales be darke,  
To iudge the best, the morall still to marke.  
And where they finde a doubtfull meaning, there  
To hold an eu'n course, and with compasse stere.  
But where strict rigor might inforce a doubt,  
T'incline to fauour, and to helpe me out.

On th'other side doth learned *Tortus* stand  
Concomitant, and beares the world in hand  
That *Æsop* and some *Stigmaticks* beside,  
(In shape and wit) did call well-fauour'd *Pride*  
A vice, because themselues were so deform'd,  
At euery pleasure they with malice storm'd ;

But

But wiser much, he doth with better face,  
With equall wit, worth, knowledge (but lesse grace)  
Confront such fond assertions, lookes awry  
On all the world of vertue, giveth the lye  
To iudgement, and with crooked minde and backe  
(**To-sites-like**) vnloades this learned packe.

He teacheth first that *Aesope* was a slauē,  
" But Man's free borne, and freedome ought to haue,  
" To worke his owne good pleasure, fayre content;  
" Who liues not thus, hath his whole life mis-spent.  
This rule he followes, and laies violent hands  
On all; that his pride, lust, and will, with-stands.  
Calls his affection reason; his desire  
And appetite, sets all his world on fire.

His childe, his wife, his neighbour, or his friend,  
Is for his pleasure lou'd; without that end  
No King, no great Lord, can forget so soone,  
And slight desert; as he hath often done.

Bastards are true legitimates, he saith:  
And enemies then friends, haue far more faith.  
His neighbors are most strangers, and before  
A modest wife, he likes a shamelesse whore.  
For many whores (he saith) he often kept  
Without disturbance; but one night, hauing slept  
In twenty yeares with his true wife, th'assault  
Of many Sumners did correct the fault.

What we terme cowardice, he doth value call,  
And in that valure he exceedeth all.  
An oyster-wife once beat him; brauely hee  
Bore all her blowes, but wanted heart to flec.  
He will on Sundaisies with an *Abbot* dinc,  
On Frydaies, with a brother *Libertine*.

And euery day drinke health's vp to the eye:  
He treads not right vnlesse he treads awry.  
The Maa of sinne himselfe, is not more free  
In doing all forbidden sinnes then hee.  
For what he speakes or teacheth, writes or reads,  
Only speaks pleasure, and to pleasure leads.  
Had <sup>d</sup> Nero<sup>1</sup> froward Tutor (too precise)  
Been like our *Philosarchus*, pleasure wise,  
And pliant to all humors but the good,  
He had with surfets dyd'e, not lacke of blood.  
y. Learn'd *Aretine* he reads, and can expound  
His modest pictures with a touch profound.  
That part i s his of euery tongue, and arte,  
Which stricter *Iaorts* tremble at, and starte  
To heare recited. This, this man is hee  
Who on the forefront you with *Æsop* see.  
*Æsop* that lookes awry on all mens vice;  
But this on vertue casteth scornefull eyes.  
*Æsop* makes birds, beasts, fishes, speake and liue  
As ifl eir liues should Man example giue  
To practise vertue. This (with apt beheasts)  
Doth teach all men how to become like beasts.  
And saith, whose life these creatures most resemble  
Comes neerest truth, and so doth least dissemble.  
That Nature is the best guide, if we please  
To follow her, then we must follow these.  
For these obserue her rules, and are not spoyl'd  
By arte, nor haue their able organs foyl'd  
With abstinence and lacke of vse, but still  
Directed are by appetite and will.  
In Kings he would no other vertue see  
Then what in Lyons, and in Eagles bee:

To

o prey on all, to make their will a law,  
o tyrannize, to rule by force and awe,  
o feare no higher powers, to do no good,  
ut liue to glut themselues with guiltlesse blood.  
ourtiers he would haue fashion'd like to apes,  
o fond their gestures, so deformde their shapes :  
o full of idle imitation found,  
hat scorne in them, our stages might confound. (low  
hat they should starch & paint white, red, blew, yel-  
nd then all blacke, that other fooles might follow.  
iunes of Owles he would haue learne to shrieke,  
s if they hated all the world did like ;  
ut hauing got a tree and Iuy bush,  
e then would haue them mute, and dumbe, and hush,  
o serue all purposes, to hate the light,  
nd prooue right Blackbirds, children of the night.  
len that want wit, yet haue great place in State,  
e would haue like to Parrots, learne to prate  
o others, till with Almonds they were fed.  
he rest like Foxes he would still haue bred  
Close, craftie, indirect, to get by stealth  
he goods both of the Church and Common-wealth.  
ll subiects and inferiors he would haue  
hemselues like Geese, and Asses to behaue.  
Rich men and *U/urers* to swallow all  
Directed by the *Dolp/ine*, and the *Whale*.  
All men like *Dogs* to flatter, and to bite,  
nd misinterpret what we speake or write.  
He wills all those that on my payers looke,  
o make each line a libell in my booke :  
To poyson with their eyes what's ere they see,  
And make themselues sport, and make worke for me.

f Mai  
his sc  
lers h  
learn  
lesson

Not

Not to beleue the morall, but to seeke  
Another meaning whatsoe're they like,  
And call it mine; and sweare I meant the same,  
Although I would not persons plainly name.  
And then he wils them laugh to seeke the ieast.  
" Another's mischiefe, makes a merry feast.

This Doctor is our Ages guide and Tutor,  
The world his Schoole, the flesh his Coadiutor.  
No wonder then if we liue all awry,  
When on our Master we cast steady eye.

*ad ex-  
&c.* For <sup>g</sup> *Alexanders* necke can teach vs this,  
" The Schoole and Court by greatnes fashion'd is.  
Thus our great Masters crookednesse is spide  
In vs his followers, who no good parts hide  
That he hath learn'd vs, but proclaime aloud  
The cause which makes our vertuous Tutor proud.  
If any seeke his name, and list to come  
To schoole, enquire for *Murus & Antrum*.

A

# A S V P P L Y O F T H E escription of \* M o n s i e r \*

AND O R S V S WALDOLYNNATVS,  
that merry American Philosopher, or the  
Wiseman of the New World; being Antipode  
to *Ælop*, placed with him as parallel in  
the front. Vnde according to the  
simple truth of his owne  
naked delivery.

And dedicated to T H O M A S  
T H V R S B Y Esquire, no lesse fit to be  
publicke, then desirous of retire-  
ment and priuacie.

**Y** O U shun all office, though your state and wit  
With long experience makes you truly fit;  
Wherefore Pandorsus wils me pricke you heere  
Shrieke in my booke, who might be in the Sheere.

**A**S the *East* and *West* are opposite, so stand  
These *Wise-men* in the front on either hand.  
Æsop well known an *Easterne* witty thing:  
But our *Pandorsus* *Westerne* fame I sing;  
Whose picture in the *Front*, whose markes before,  
behinde, within, without, I late did score;  
Let leſt that picture, nor these markes, should make  
is worth enough apparant, briefly take

His

His life anatomiz'de, but chiefly where  
It may our sucklings with example rere.  
The lines are drawne euen by his owne true light,  
From partiall flattery free, and eniuious spight.

Within that *Shiere* where *Hyndes* with dumpling  
Beget best Lawyers, was *Pandorsas* bread : fed  
But for his *Parents* were of better ranke,  
And in a *Coaste Towne* dwelt, they Clarret dranke,  
And wrie-mouth'd *Plaice*, *bretts*, *butts*, and *soles* did eate  
And crooked *Crabs*, with such prodigious meate.  
Thus for a wonder they prepar'd in feeding :  
And such he prou'd, who from that roote had bree  
Though no *Paniora*, yet *Pandorsus* he , ding  
For vice as famous, as for vertue shee.  
Each God gaue her a grace, and gaue so much  
As more then *Momus* thought there was no such.  
But what to her they gaue, from him they tooke,  
And now in vaine for grace in earth we looke.  
Looke for effects according to the cause :  
" Our childrens faults are moulded in our mawes.  
This salt-fresh-water-daintie diet fed  
The parts concupisuble, and there bred  
An itching humor, whence extracted was  
This quintessence of contraries, this masse  
Of Natures shreds and parcels, who partakes  
A part of all, which imperfection makes.  
A Foxes braines, knowing much wrong, no right ;  
Gote-bearded, sweete-fac'd, like a *Catamite* ;  
Toung'de Lawyer-like, all terme without vacation ;  
A Baboones loynes, desiring occupation ; (Lynx.  
Crumpe-Cammell-shoulder'd, neckt as straight as  
One eye like to a Molls, t'other like Lynx ;

Lyons stomach; not to fight but feede;  
Hare in heart, and yet a Snaile in speede.  
his is the man whom we *Pandorsus* call.  
Whose armes or *Rebus* thus we blasen shall.

Vpon a stately wall *Saint George* doth ride  
Wanting a horse) in pompe and armed pride;  
eneath there is a Den, in that the Dragon.  
his tells his name, whose worthy parts we brag on.  
t is his owne deuice, let all men know:  
o is the rest which we in order show.

His Mothers Husband (who reputed was  
lis Father) being rich and well to passe,  
wealthy Merchant and an Alderman,  
On forraigne shores did trauell now and than:  
he whilist a Gallant Souldier, new come forth  
rom warre be got this man of mickle worth.  
his gallant Souldier, then from *Belgia* brought  
wondrous Mandrake (with much perill bought)  
prung (though some thinke it fabulous) from seed  
he gallowes drop (for so this roote doth breed,)  
Which whilist his mother did in pleasure eye,  
Our *Mounsier*: shape, she did conceiue thereby.  
Much like that Mandrake, writhen, turning round,  
As from the gallowes he had dropt to ground.  
And let no doubtfull Reader much admire,  
A *Myrmidon* should be *Pandorsus* Syre,  
For as there's none with vs get brauer men  
Then Lawyers, or the tender Citizen,  
o none more cowards get, then those which are  
Our brauest Spirits, most renownde in warre.  
The cause I know not, or I list not tell,  
But so it often falles, and heere so fell.

None

None bolder then *Pandorsus Syre*, then he  
None fearefuller ; and yet he needs would be  
A Souldier , where the Muster-booke he fild,  
But fought with none , nor ne're saw any kild.

*Artemon* was more hardy though afraid  
Of his owne shadow. Wagers haue beene laid,  
That let an enemie fart, he would out-run  
An Irishman, for feare t'had been a gun.  
Where learned *Spencer* maketh harnast *Feare*  
Afraid the clashing of his armes to heare,  
That apprehension he from hence did gaine,  
Our *Monsieur* did, what *Spencer* did but faine.

But stay , I haue forgot to let you know  
His education , and to shew you how  
(Being nusled vp in Letters) he in sport  
His time wore out at *Schoole* and *Innes of Court*,  
Yet so as once a *Gipſie*, who did looke  
Vpon his Palme, said he, should liue by's booke ;  
Which fortune some conceiue hath doubtfull scope,  
As if his booke should ſaue him from the rope:  
But ſince he proues , it meant another thing,  
That teaching Tongues, he ſhould liue like a King ;  
And ſo he now doth, liuing as he luſt ,  
And by his owne will measuring what is iuft.  
For being ſet to Schoole when he was young,  
He of all knowledge learn'd both taile and tongue.  
Th' *Italian*, *Latin*, *Spanish* and the *French*,  
He grew as cunning in, as at a *Wench*.  
A *Dictionary* of all words of Art,  
And *Ladies* old-ends, he hath got by heart.  
Th' apparrell of all knowledge he doth weare,  
And 'bout him (*Bias*-like) his wealth doth beare.

Ano

nd now (growne ripe) he doth religion choose  
hat's most in fashion, as our great ones vse :  
ut otherwise for truth hee le neuer burne,  
i aduantage of his wry-necke helps him turne :  
e knowes the way , and wills the world ne're doubt,  
hat comming raw in, hee'le go rosted out.

In youth he tooke to Wife a louely *Dame*,  
ot light the chast *Penelape* by name;  
ut worthy such an attribute, for shee  
er wandring loose *Vliss's* did not see  
twcnty yccres, and yet t'is thought her bed  
ee kept vnsaintain'd, and vn-ad-horn'd his head.  
ut what a blessing was, he thought a curse,  
is wife had better bcene, had shee been worse,  
r goodness made him hate her ; she had dide  
it that a dozen must be kil'd beside.

t knew not then (as I haue heard him say)  
Italian tricke, but the plaine English way,  
f simple Country poysoning, now he knowes  
do t by inches ; Court perfiction growes.  
pus and *Squire*, are not so skil'd as hee ,  
nd scarce *Romes Conclaue* in that mysterie.

e can a Nullitie worke, diuorce the life  
vixt soule and body, sooner then some wife.  
nd if his tricke be knowne, men ne're will seeke  
doubtfull way by law, but do the like.

His wife thus scap'd a scouring, so did he,  
hen being merry once in company  
nd passing Smith-field (then vnpau'd) too late  
ith rich Canary hauing linde his pate,  
e owle-eyde *Sharkers*, spi'd him , how he felt  
finde a post ; his meaning soone they smelt :

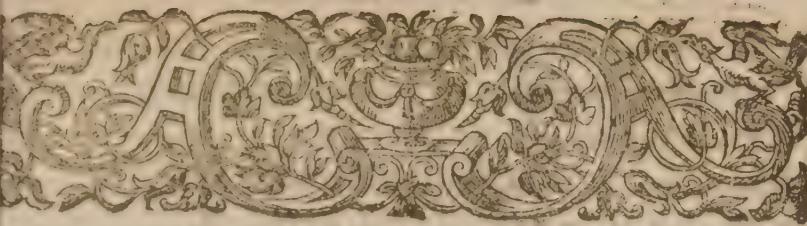
And

And then the sturdies knaue, with sodain'd rush,  
Our wauering *Monsieur* on his knees did push,  
The whil'st another kindly to him spoke ;  
Help't him out of the durt, and chang'd his cloke.  
This cloke he wore next day, and passing by  
A Brokers shop, the prentice lowde gan cry  
Sirs stop the theefe, the cloake this fellow weares  
Is mine : with that they swarm'd about his eares,  
Conuayde him to a Iustice, where one swore  
He had been branded *stigmatike* before.

Another said, he was the man that hung  
Three dayes beyond Seas, as the ballad sung ;  
The cause why he his necke awry, did hold,  
Was for he hang'd long, and wasta'ne downe cold  
But to the Iustice being throughly knowne,  
For carrying letters where't must not be showne,  
And for his skill, each moderne language speaking,  
And wondrous Art, to silence doores from squeakin.  
With losse of his good *cloke*, he slipt the hooke,  
And thus he once was saued by his booke.

Thus farre I stretch my lines, thus farre he liues,  
And more I'le write, when he direction giues.  
But if I die, these lines shall be the glasse  
His worth to shew, and how I thankfull was.

T



To the ouer-wise, ouer-wilfull, ouer-curious, or ouer-captious Readers.

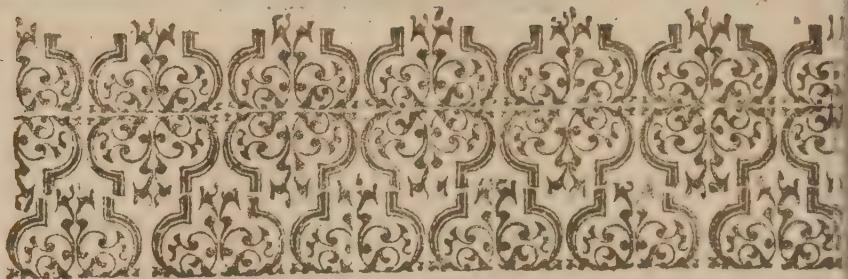
Faine would tell some Tales, but I de be loth,  
To haue men be so wise to shinke them troth.  
This is a wondrous witty age that sees  
eyond the truth of things, forty degrees,  
ach Riddle now hath Poyson in't; each Rime  
In the blancke Almanak, points at guilty time.  
Elope must mak no Lyons roare, nor Eagles  
hrike londe, nor wolves rauin, nor swift Beagles  
elpe with their slauering lips after the Foxe,  
Nor must he meddle with the Asse, or Oxe,  
or feare some querke be found, to proue he ment  
Under those shapes, a priuate spleene to vent  
Against wise vigilant Statists, who like Janus,  
Looke both waies squint, and both waies guard and sanc vs.  
Or that he closely would great Lawyers yerke,  
Who build their nests, with ruines of the kirke:  
Or that he toucht some Church-man, who to rise  
One Steeples height, would tell Canonickall lies.  
The Ghost of Virgils Gnat would now sting so,  
That great men durst not in the City go  
For feare of petty-Chapmen, with a Sericant,  
And a fly Yeoman, noted in the Margeant.  
If Spencer now were living, to report  
His Mother Hubberts tale, there would be sport:

## To the Readers.

To see him in a blanket tost, and mounted  
Up to the starres, and yet no starre accounted.  
I dare not for my lise in all my tale,  
Use any English Bird, Beast, worme, or Snaile,  
Or fish that in the narrow Seas do trauell,  
(Although each Pyrat dares) lest some should canell,  
And finde it did belong in times of yore  
To some blew sleeue, (but shall do so no more)  
Or that the maker of new blood, the Marrold,  
(Cleped in our Welch-Scotch and English Harrold)  
Had (too too cheape) for ffeioun pounds it entailed  
On some bold Britaine, and by warrant nailed,  
To him and to his house, and double voucher,  
Fine, and recovery; and then who dare touch her?  
Not I, I loue my ease too well, my money,  
My eares, my liberty; he longs for hony,  
That mongst the angry Whapes thrusts his bold fingers,  
And from their nests in Summer, hunts those stingers.  
My valour is lesse hardy, my desire  
Lesse hot. He blesse and blow, not kisse the fire.  
Therefore auant all caue like Locusts, come  
Into my tale nothing one this side Rome,  
Nor in Virginia, though't be ours by lot,  
And yet perhaps it may, perchaunc't may not.  
I would not, if it lay in me to chuse,  
Meddle with any thing we Christians use:  
But would all dealing with our owene eschew,  
If other world, and elements I knew.  
But since that Nature doth some gifts disperse  
Alike to all within the Vniuerse;  
And in a circular globe, tye those to these;  
Mixt vs in common with th' Antipodes:

## To the Readers.

I cannot choose but do as nature doth,  
Mixe many names and things we ll knowne to both.  
Thus if by chance I vse Bird, Fish, or beast,  
Whiche is no daintie at a Mayors feast:  
But oft familiar food for every Swaine,  
That in our Country, Coast, and Wood remaine.  
Yet still conceiu: (I pray) those names I take  
Not properly, but for your ignorance sake.  
Or if they proper be, of all one kinde,  
Yet difference in their place of birth we finde.  
And in their natures. For though man be man,  
Yet sure an Indian is no English man,  
And so an Indian Asse, or Daw, or Trous,  
Though we haue such, are none of ours no doubt:  
But would we wonder here, and purses picke,  
Since none but trauellers euer say the like.  
Excuse me then though with such names you meete:  
They are not those that trauell in our streete,  
But forreiners to vs and to our Nation,  
Except by trade, commerce, or transplantation  
Made our acquaintance. Hence thou subtile spie  
Streach out my tailes to iustifie your lies.  
I fough beside the morall you inuent,  
Call it your owne, By me i was never ment.  
My tale shall sort all Atheists well, and be  
Of their religion, heathenish and free.  
It shall make lust a Gospell and a Law,  
Not for the truth, but to keepe fooles in awe,  
That when our Gospell or else Law doth thware  
Our willes, we then may neit her reck a f——.  
Come Ibis, Lead the way; eat one snake more  
And by my fury, vsher on before



# I. IBIS.

DEDICATED

To the religious KNIGHT

Sr EDMUND MONDEFORD,  
and his *Lady* a true louer of  
LEARNING.

ib.8.  
fiunt  
oribus  
jri  
lorum:  
anarū  
arum:  
erō &  
s ex  
factio-  
az.  
nent.  
12  
Me-  
-  
atibus  
mica  
enim,  
recutit  
cit &  
at.

K Nowledge and Grace, are antidotes to you,  
Who killing Serpents, do not Serpents grow.

E GYPT opprest with Serpents, either growing  
From slimie NILVS fruitfull overflowing,  
Or from the eniuious bankes of Tyber sent  
To tell what farther harme the Romans ment:  
Or by the foggy Southern winds brought o're  
From sandy Lybia to this fertile shore:  
Made *Ibis* Keeper of their liues and states,  
VVho like a watchfull Porter, kept the gates  
VWhere this infected Crue did vse to enter:  
And (as they came in poysoned troopes) did venter  
Mauger their sting, and teeth, and venome too,  
To swallow th' eniuious Aspes with small adoe.

I B I S.

So long shefed, that Egypt now seen'd free,  
And scarce a Serpent in the land could see.

"But ouer feeding hurts, as some men say,

" I hough food be good: then surfer soone we may

" By poysoned bits. And *Ibis* found it true.

So that her glutted gorge shee's forc't to spue;

The noysome stinke whereof infested more

Then by these Serpents had bin slung before,

And *Ibis* selfe (corrupted with the food)

Grew Serpent ine and did more harme then good,

Shee keeps no entrance now, but lets them passe,

And of their faction, and their treason, was

A cunning aider, and a close contriuer;

Al-gate Shee seem'd a diligent, faithfull, diver

Into their darker holes to search them out:

But truth it was to put them out of doubt,

That Shee their friend, they need not feare a foe,

But might at pleasure through the kingdome goe,

VVhilist all neglected their increase, supposing,

*Ibis* their trusty warden, had been closing

The lands strong Ports, with skill to keepe these in,

And others out, till all had eaten bin.

But she had other aimes, and vnder hand,

Plac'd *Cockatrices* all about the land:

And such as these (who kin to serpents were)

Did she make Captains, and to place preferre

Of chiefe command in warre: with hope to bring.

The Basiliske to be th' Egyptian king;

The Basiliske that at the head of Nile,

VVith deadly poyson doth the spring defile.

Thus *Ibis* faild them, and betraide their trust,

And now or die themselves, or kill they must.

Diod  
Sicul  
lib, 3.

Plin. i.  
cap. 2.  
Cacob  
alias. C  
cothej

## GRYPHS.

And scarce was't in their choice. Such quick increase  
“ Hath bad things more then good, in time of peace.  
Yet the Egyptians from securer sleepe,  
Of foolish pity, and remisnesse deepe,  
Of fond credulity, and easie faith,  
At last awak't, what's ever *Ibis* faith,  
Suspects of fraud, of double-meaning, doubt,  
And with quicke search do finde the treason out.  
Which *Ibis* seeing to be past preuention,  
Past skill to cloke and coner with inuention:  
With malice, enuie, feare, and horror swelling,  
And other poysone in her bosome dwelling,  
Shee burst asunder, and preuent the paine  
Her crime deseru'd, but not the shame and staine:  
That the Egyprians left for after times,  
To reade and wonder at in these few rimes.  
“ Whom nature made good, custome made vnjust,  
We trusted *Ibis*, but shee faild our trust.  
Let Reason rule, and Reason thus exhorts,  
“ Make not your will warden of your Cinque Ports.

## Epimythium.

in vita  
mag. **P**lutarch in the life of *Alexander the Great*, write  
of a Woman brought to a Serpentine and po-  
sonous nature, by feeding ordinarily on Serpent:  
This hath some resemblance with this tale, whol  
Moral is, that man should carefully, guard himself  
from others, and from himself: From others, becaus  
though we come neere sin, with a purpose to punis  
it; yet being full of contagion, the effect is hazar  
don:

I B I S.

bus: much more when wee conuerse with it daily; they witnesse, who keeping company with pro-hane, dissolute, and blasphemous persons, doe oftene come out such themselves, seldome otherwise. Beware therefore of euill company, and euill custome. *psal. 1.*  
o walke in the counsell of the wicked, leads you to stand in the way of sinners, and causeth you to sit in the seate of scorners. To conuerse with Hereticks under whatsoeuer pretence is dangerous. Thus therefore guard your selfe from outward invasion, from others; but keepe one eye to looke inward. The worst company is at home, within a mans selfe. His senses stirred vp to pleasure, are so many Serpents in his boome, seeking his destruction: neither will they easily bee charmed. The sting of sinne is sweet, but deadly. let your vnsanctified appetite and will to governe these, and you are vndone. The flesh will let in the world and the deuill, in stead of God and Heauen. But let your sanctified Reason bee your gouernour, and you are safe at home and abroad. *Mortifie there-* <sup>P. Col.</sup>  
*fore your members which are on the earth; fornication,* <sup>c. 3. v.</sup>  
*uncleannessse, the inordinate affection, euill concupiscence,*  
*and covetousnesse, which is Idolatry. &c.* The place of greatest danger where your foe may land and enter, is the Cinque-ports, the fise senses: watch therefore ouer these, and ouer our affections, and you are safe.

B 4 Vena-



## 2. Venaticum fter.

---

Dedicated

To the example of Temperance

S<sup>r</sup> HENRY BEDINGFIELD Knight, and  
to his LADY the example  
of Loue.

**Y**On bunting loue, your fields are spread wi th sheepe:  
Looke that your hounds, your foldes from foxes keep  
Foxes and Wolues in sheepskins range about:  
Within opinions; Parasites without.

**T**H<sup>r</sup> Egyptian Shepheard arm'd at all assayes  
With Dogs and Sheephooke<sup>s</sup>, sat vpon the  
Layes,

At pleasure piping many a learned sonnet  
Of fixed starres, and each course-keeping plannet:  
Of thunder, lightning, meteors, and the cause  
Of changing kingdomes, and translating lawes:  
Why pestilence did rage, why good men die,  
Why *Nilus* overflowes the bankes so hie,  
Why killing frosts, and such abundant snow,  
That ruine falling, ruine as they thaw:  
Why th'earth should barren be, and famine breed  
In the fat soile, though sowne with better seede.

Wh

VENATIVM ITER.

Why water, ayre, the earth, and cheerefull fire  
should (being made for man) against man conspire,  
nd of themselves (by nature never bidden,) bring  
ring forth such crosse effects, vñheard and hidden,  
o plague poore man, and living him t'intombe  
n his one ruines, e're the day of doome.

The cause of this, they wisely found to be  
lans open sins, and close Hypocrisie.

nd of this Theaine discoursing too and fro,  
rouing it was, wishing it were not so.

The King came by, and with him many Nobles,  
Whose pestred traine the sheep and shephead troubles.  
oore Country, thou find'st this in corne and cattle,  
When most remote frõ Court, thou most do st batt le

The King a hunting rides; the shepheards dogs  
Vould needs a hunting too, and onward iogs  
These iolly Currs: the Shepheards whoope amaine,  
Hollow and whistle too, but all in vain.

The Hunts-men rate, and like to mad men ride;  
The Currs suppose they cheere them when they chide:  
o on they go, and doe as others doo,  
hrow vp their curld tailes, spend their wesands too,  
nd when thy cannot top the rest, run after  
o long, till anger now is turn'd to lafter;  
nd now the King delights the Currs to heare.

For they are euer busie in his eare;  
nd comming home to trencher-food they fall,  
rouing good blood-hounds some, good harriers all.  
They can draw dry-foot to the harmlesse game,  
Whil'st Wolves and Foxes passe their noses tame.  
Thus fed by fat sweet bones, they all proue gluttons,  
nd where they wont to guard, now kill our muttions,

They

VENATICVM ITER.

They learned haue Court lore, and nothing failes;  
Can fawne and flatter, nimblly wag their tailes;  
And snarle, and bite, and beat the batter hound  
Out of the Court, who their false hunting found.  
And now the time drawes on, the King againe  
Rides out to hunt, and with him all his traine.  
These dogs are fore-most, and pursue the chace  
With eager stomackes and with equall pace.  
But being trencher-fed, the weather hot,  
Themselu's vnbreath'd, to hunting vsed not,  
They soone are shaken off, and waxing slacke  
Become the lag and hindmost of the packe;  
And straight lose sight, sent, hearing of the rest.  
So then to *Nilus*-ward they hold it best  
To turne their course, with the coole wanes to slacke  
The heat they got, for double diligence sake.

ca.

. The roughest, rudest, curstest Curr of all,  
Which wont vpon the gentlest Dogs to fall,  
(And neither being Hound nor Maltiffe bred,  
But of a mongrill kinde, by shee-Wolues fed,  
Did silence such as spent their sweeter voice  
In turnefull tones, which Hunters eares reioyce,  
Whil'st he nor at the fold would watch in darke,  
Nor bite the Wolfe, nor with his harsh voyce barke,  
Nor here amongst the Hounds once open wide  
His monstrous chaps, except, to bite, or chide,  
Or rauin and deuour the daintiest meat  
Which the industrious, not the slug should eat:  
And in despite of whips, though crouch and cry,  
Would never mend, nor better grow thereby)  
Led on the way, for he would still be fist,  
His impudence was such, and such his thirst.

## VEN ATICVM ITER.

or would he suffer auy their to drinke  
I he had done. Ambitions eye doth thinke  
To swallow all, and all too little to,  
For him that least deserves, and least can doo.  
It see a iust reward, whil'st thus he lies  
nding his pleasure, from the waues doth rise  
trueill subtle Crocodile, who snatcheth  
him with her sharpe fangs, quickly catcheth  
e lazie Curre; which struggles, cryes, and striues.  
It all too late. Th' amphibious monster diues  
nder the wauers; the Dog resists in vaine,  
eath swallowes him, the rest runhome amaine;  
ome to the Sheepfolds, and attend the trade  
ey were by Art traind to, by Nature made.  
nd fearing now the like, fore-warn'd by this,  
hen hot and dry they waxe, their custome is,  
t banks of *Nile* nere to rest and stay,  
ut here and there to lap, and so away;  
est otherwise some Crocodile being hid,  
ould serue their sloth, like as the other did.

Aelianus  
Prætercu-  
runt auto-  
ripam, &  
furantes  
bunt, qu-  
est caper  
iterum a  
iterum.

## Epimythium.

His tale doth teach, each man himselfe t'apply  
To his Vocation; not to looke awry  
t Honors, Riches, Pleasures, which are baites  
he devill layes in our way, and in them waites  
o swallow vs, whilst eagerly we seeke  
o swallow and ingrosse what's ere we like:  
Without respect what's honest, iust, and fit,  
o we by any meanes can compasse it.

Each

VENATICVM ITER.

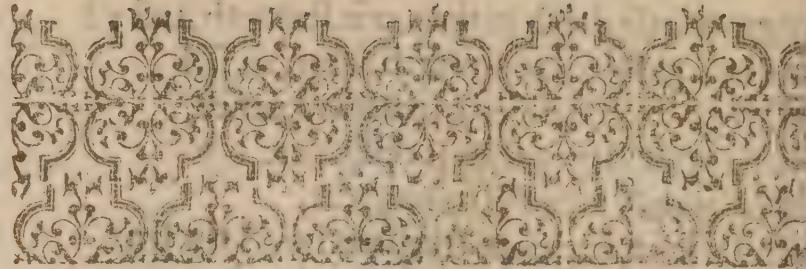
Each hath his element, his toyle, and sport.  
The clowne the country, and the King his Courte.  
The Nobles in the Councell or the field,  
The Sea, and Burse, doth like to Marchants yeeld.  
Each trades-man in his shop, house-wiues at home;  
“ They range too far, that o’re the threshold rome.  
Lawyers vpon the bench, Diuines within  
their studies, schooles or pulpits; else they sinne.  
Who takes the plow in hand, must neuer slacke,  
“ Nor looke about, for then he looketh backe,  
Who takes the Crowne and Scepter, still must thir  
“ When others soundly sleep, he must but winke,  
Who goes to warre, or counsell must advise  
“ The shame or honor on the Noblest lies.  
Who guides the Helme must still his compas mind,  
“ And cheere his mates, and saile with euery wind.  
Who by Mechanicke Arts doth hope to thriue,  
“ Must be a Bee, and make his shop his Hiuue.  
Who sits to Judge, the *Person* must negle&t,  
“ Not looke asquint, but to the truth direct.  
Who will *Episcopize*, must watch, fast, pray,  
“ And see to worke, not ouersee to play.  
They haue a double charge, to rule, and teach,  
“ Whil’st they negle&t to preach, negle&t they preach.  
Each must his Diocesse tend; or if at Court,  
What others dare not he must still report.  
Yet nought but truth, nor all truthes but the good:  
(So Moses in the gap of vengeance stood)  
What others dare not whisper he must sing,  
And like a golden trumpet rouze the King,  
VVith wise alarums from securer sleepe,  
VVherein fraile flattering flesh doth greatnessse keep

VENATICVM IT EX.

For greatnesse, both in state, wit, strength, and all  
that wee call great one earth, is apt to fall  
With greatest danger, greatest violence,  
Lesse vheld by greatest diligence.

He is only worthy to be great,  
Who with a vertuous freedom holds the seat  
Of Moses, and inclines to neither hand,  
It both vpright only for truth doth stand,  
Which tend their flocks; whil'st they attend the Court,  
Their pastime'tis to moderate each sport.  
They season all raw humors. Seldome glance  
On honours or on pleasures, but by chance:  
And then to recreate their spirits they do it,  
Taking a snatch, and fall the harder to it.

GRYPS



# GRYPS.

DEDICATED

To the Courtly and accom-  
plisht Knight, Sr. HENRY RICH,  
and his most equall Lady.

**A**LL Men seeke greernes: goodness is the way  
Hee's oft lesse King that rules, then doth obey.  
Adde to Gods worke your owne, his image then  
Shall be repayr'd, for that's the crowne of Men.

animal  
natum &  
drupes.  
belluae  
natur esse  
cythia, &  
Arimas-  
qui vni-  
habent  
rum, auri  
a quod  
odiunt,  
Iue bel-  
gerere.  
. 10.

**T**He Griffon well alli'd, and great in pow'r  
Made challenge to be generall Emperour  
Of beasts, and birds; whose title to decide  
A generall Councell was proclaimed wide  
Through all the world, and every bird and beast  
Together met, the greatest, and the least.  
Mongst these some crawling serpents, some with fee  
And some with wings did at this Councell meet,  
And claim'd the place of beasts, and did alledge  
Full many ancient lawes of priuiledge

or their high honour ; but the chiefe was this ;  
 they prou'd themselves beasts, out of *Genesis*.  
 but when that Law was read, and it was found,  
 their treason brought a curse vpon the ground ;  
 that euer since their poyson did annoy  
 both birds and beasts, and oft did both destroy ;  
 looking their fraud, gilding their villanie  
 with ancient-vniuersall-vnity ;  
 betraying truch with darke and biguous lies,  
 and cosening man of blessed *Paradise* :  
 Alterating, purging of the sence  
 of hol. Writ, vnder a good pretence :  
 they had by generall voice, strict banishment  
 from comming nere this Court of Parliament.  
 and now the rest proceed ; but by the way  
 rose another cause of some delay,  
 comming to choose a Speaker, bolde *Jack daw*  
 could interpose his skill, and vouch a Law,  
 (the law of Parasites) that each one might  
 take what him list, agaist reason or agaist right.  
 and that no Speaker needed, ought to be,  
 here such a mixture was ; for if quoth he,  
 we chose a bird, the beasts will all dissent ;  
 they a beast, we shall be discontent.

This speech, though true in part, did all offend,  
 cauie they saw his busie tongue did bend  
 crosse all businesse, and his wit denise  
 change the firmest knots to nullities.  
 they agreed together in this sort,  
 cut his nimble tongue a little short,  
 for sawcie tatling, where he should not teach,  
 and being silent where he ought to preach.

Gen. 3. 1  
 Serpens  
 enim e  
 astatus  
 asturor  
 quavis  
 stia agr

Good ma  
 tters may  
 propound  
 with an i  
 minde.

But

But he auoides his sentence with a quirke,  
Pleading of old he longed to the Kirke,  
Though seldom he came there; and each one tooke  
Him for no Clarke, vntill he claim'd his booke  
Then they perceiu'd his skill; and soone discerned  
How he to flatter and backbite was learned;  
Could mount a steeples top, and with the winde  
Turne like a weather-cocke his ready minde,  
Seruing the time. Therefore they onward passe  
To choose a Speaker; some w ould haue the Asse,  
Because he could diminish nought nor adde,  
But truth deliuier, were it good or bad:  
Yet most mislik'd that choice, and those pronounce  
The Parrot fit, and some the nimble Ounce;  
Some the sweet Nightingale, and some the Dog,  
And some the Fox, the Baboone, some the Hog;  
Some Robin red-brest, or the speckled Thrush,  
Some Chantecleere, and some the V Voodcock flush  
Some chose the Ape, and some mislike his voice,  
So sundry factions rise from his heard choice.  
At last the Elephant perswades with all,  
To take an equall course, and Man to call  
As Speaker, Judge, and Vmpire in this thing,  
Being by nature the worlds generall King,  
And the most fit t'appoint and to depute  
His owne Emperiall bird-beast substitute.  
To this they all consent, and to this end  
In humble wise to Man this Message send,  
That he their Patron, Gouernor and Lord,  
VVould daigne this mighty difference to accord  
VVith reason and authority. His consent  
Is soone obtain'd: now gins the Parliament.

In which the *Griffon* thus begins his plea.  
Grand Emperour, of Ayrc, Earth, and Sea ;  
challenge by prerogatiue, and birth,  
To be your Vicar generall on the Earth,  
I're birds and beasts : The beasts I ought command, Grif  
quad  
Gry  
ter v  
recit  
Deut  
because vpon foure feet like them I stand.  
he birds I ought to rule, cause I can flie  
With these my wings like them, and soare as hic. Gry  
ter v  
recit  
Deut  
doe surpasse the beasts in hauing wings,  
he birds in legs, in taile, and other things :  
My force doth match the Lyons ; and my heart  
he Eagle, or excels them in each part.  
our doome I therefore claime, that I may be  
Iac'd equall to my worth in soueraigntie : Elep  
anim  
quod  
nitue  
inten  
nia  
lia  
pedi  
cellis  
telle  
m  
mult  
viger  
Plin  
Regi  
Rega  
And next your selfe the Emperour be of Earth,  
According to the priuiledge of my birth.  
Then spake the Elephant, and said, that he  
Dught ouer beasts the only Lord to be :  
His strength was great, and more then others farre,  
His honours purchasde more in manly warre :  
His learning more, the letters vnderstanding,  
And aptly doing all, wise Man commanding.  
Gainst him vp rose the *Syre* of *Bankes* his horse,  
And challeng'd him to try, wit, worth, and force.  
His grew to hcate, but then the mighty Rucke  
broke parts the fray, each did from other plucke ;  
Desires she might be heard, her challenge was  
To rule all birds, since she all birds did passe.  
The Wren straight hopt about, and said, his name  
Did shew from what a royll stocke he came :  
And euery bird and beast, the great and small,  
Had his ambitious ayme to gourne all.

Which hauing made, in silence all sate downie  
Being ouer-aw'd with mans Emperiall frowne.  
Each fear'd, each hop'd, vntill at length the Man  
Rose vp, and to determine thus began.  
I was your Master made, you made for me,  
And whatsoeuer in the Globe there be  
Hid or reueal'd, t' is mine. And I alone  
Sole Emperour am, vnder that onely *One*.  
Nor doubt you this ; the question now in hand  
Is for the vnder-king-ship of my land ;  
For t' is not fit that I should troubled be  
With every toy, when subiects disagree :  
But that my President should still be nigh,  
Your doubts and iarrest' appease and rectifie.  
It only rests to shew what parts are fit  
For gouernment. That's courage, strength and wit :  
Mercy and iustice, and the guard to those,  
Awe to command, dexteritie to dispose.  
If any part of these be separate,  
The rule is most imperfect, and the State  
Falls to contempt ; the lawes are trodden downe,  
The Scepter broken, and despis'd the Crowne.  
This shewes how many here haue vainly fought  
For one good part, the wreath that many ought.  
That nor the Ruck, the Elephant nor Horse,  
Are fit to gouerne for their matchlesse force ;  
Nor for their wit alone ; for then the Oxe  
Might make his claime too, and subtle Foxe :  
Much lesse the silly Wren for honor'd house,  
Nor the catt-fearing, Elephant-frighting Mouse.  
For these would breed contempt, and Athens Owle  
Might challenge so night-rule of eu'ry Fowle.

## GRYPHS.

For is it meet this Griffon should obtaine  
What by pretence of right he seeks to gaine  
Because his title halts on either side,  
Except in halues, himselfe he will deuide.  
He is no beast : his talents, wings, and head  
Conclude against his challenge in my stead.  
Nor yet a bird : his body, legs, and tayle  
With euidence his garments all do quaile:  
But if where prooфе lyes hid, we may proceede  
By probabilities ; from spurious seede  
He tooke his being, and would neither loue,  
Cling like to neither, but a Tyrant proue.  
And where he boasts his wondrous strength and hart,  
It's false he doth pretend, because that part  
Which shewes him Lyon-like in shape, hide, haire,  
Doth of the kingly-Lyon stand in feare.  
And that birds part which he from th'Eagle tooke,  
On the sky-towring Eagle dares not looke.  
He Lyon therefore I ordaine and make  
The King of beasts ; his awfull voice shall shake  
The proudest spirit. And the Eagle shall  
Be King of Birds, and ouer-looke them all.  
His sentence past, the Parliament arose,  
And with these rules of truth the Sessions close.

Gry  
Cap  
alis  
simil  
quo  
re sit  
Leon  
Isid.

Aqui  
mas;

## Epimythium.

Who seeks two swords to sway, hath right to none ;  
Who seeks two offices, is not fit for one :  
Who seeks two callings, takes too much in hand :  
Who hath two faiths, doth true to neither stand.  
One sword, one office, calling, and one faith,  
Fit for one Man ; so this storie saith.

Vnum  
optim  
ab vno  
Arist  
Polic

Who seekes two swords to sway, hath right to none.

The *Pope* challengeth not onely *Peters* keyes and *Pauls* sword, but hath found two swords in *Peter* hand, with which he (like another *Alexander*) cut asunder the knots hee cannot vndoe. The band of marriage betwixt man and woman: The hand of loyall obedience betwixt subiects and Soueraigness. The band of conscience betwixt God and man; he cuts asunder by dispensing with marriages, allegiance and others, &c. By his behauour therefore in these things, it may bee iudged whether hee be fit to haue many swords that cannot vse one well. Edged tooles are not to bee put into the hands of drunkards: He is scarce sober that makes all other drunke with the emp of his abhominations.

Who seekes two offices, is not fit for one.

To the late *Queene* offamous memory, a *Courtier* who had great place about her Maiestie, made suit for an office belonging to the Law. Shee told him he was vnsit for the place. He confess as much, but promised to finde out a sufficient Deputy. Do (saith she) and then I may bestow it vpon one of my Ladies, for they by deputation may execute the office of *Chancellor*, chiefe Iustice, and others, as well as you. This answered him, and I would it could answer all other that fit men might be placed in euery office, and no how great soever suffered to keepe two. They shou

ta

GRYPS.

ke offices for the Common-wealths benefit ; but  
they take them like Farmes for to inrich themselfes.  
this discourageth all professions, both in the Church  
and Common-wealth : one place is fit for one man.

*Who seekes two Callings, takes too much in hand.*

The Church hath some of these , who are better  
hishions, Lawyers, Merchants, or Handicrafts-men,  
men Diuines. The Common-wealth hath many of  
these, some who receiue tythes, buy and sell Church-  
wings, retaine Deanryes, and Prebendaries. and are  
well seene in all occupations , but in that which they  
were bound to professe. To be a Marchant , a Mault-  
ter, a Brewer, a Grasier, a Sheepe-master, a Farne-  
monger, an Vsurer, a Quuell and all , is ordinarie in  
very Country , and hee is thought no good husband  
hat is not all or the most of these.

*Who bath two faiths, doth true to neither stand.*

Our miraculous example in these our dayes , hath  
emonstrated this beyond deniali , which but lately  
hough wee knew, yet wee durst not vtter for feare of  
ensure. With what Tyranny doth vice guard it selfe  
rom knowledge? How rankly doth that Fame stinke  
now, against which but lately we durst not stop our  
noses? This is a maxime grounded from this example.  
No honor, preferment, or respect can assure our faith,  
f the band of faith, religion, be not intire with vs.



## 4. SPHINX, HYENA.

DEDICATED

To the wise and valiant Souldier

Sr. JOHN POOLY Knight, and  
to his good Lady.

Y<sup>O</sup>U lou'd my Brother, he is gone, I stay,  
T<sup>O</sup> acknowledge first a debt, and then to pay:  
Lone lookes upon the will, which easily can  
Preue ther's no bankrupt but the thanklesse Man.

H<sup>E</sup>YENA was a subtle beast and bloody;  
To ruine man was his whole trade and study.  
He scorn'd the sheep, the shepheard was his prey,  
His nightly plots got, what he mist by day.  
The shepheards of *Arcadia*, beguil'd  
By his fain'd voice, were murther'd oft and spoil'd.  
For in the night he wont like some good friend,  
To call them out, and then a peeces rend.  
One onely wiser shepheard thought it best  
Hire *Sphinx* to watch his house whil'st he did rest:

Whose

S P H I N X . H Y E N A .

Whose subtilitie foresaw, and still preuented,  
What else his Master had too late repented.  
Or when the false *Hyena* went about  
Calling for helpe, to traine the Shepheard out,  
Aining distresse as if he robbed were,  
Or mist his way (a weary traueller);  
*Sphinx* soone perceiu'd his counterfeit complayning,  
And laught out-right to heare his craftie fayning;  
But would not let the credulous shepheard goe,  
Whose tender heart pittied his mortall foe)  
All day appear'd, and that the Sunne shone bright.

Together with the *Sphinx* full many a night,  
An Indian *Asse* and *Musk-cat*, safely slept,  
Whil'st *Sphinx* the shepheards houſe & houſhold kept.  
Nor did they alwaies ſleep but often heard  
What at the firſt to thinke vpon they fear'd;  
But cuſtome at the length bereft all awe,  
And they afrayd were when they nothing ſaw.  
So enuy wrought, and Ignorance, and Pride,  
That they the wifer *Sphinx* dare now deride.  
And mou'd the Shepheard, to preuent the charge  
Of keeping more, to let the *Sphinx* at large.  
Perswading there was no ſuch cauſe of dread,  
But they might well ſupply the *Sphinx* his ſtead:  
Who fain'd thoſe feares, and did imagine treaſon,  
To winth' opinion of much wit and reaſon.  
The Shepheard fondly credits this; and ſtraight  
Lets loose the *Sphinx*, and theſe in order waite.  
The Indian *Asse* he trusted beeing plaine,  
Suppoſing he would neither lye, nor faine.  
And the *Musk-cat*, was pleasant to the ſmell,  
And very watchfull; needs muſt theſe do well.

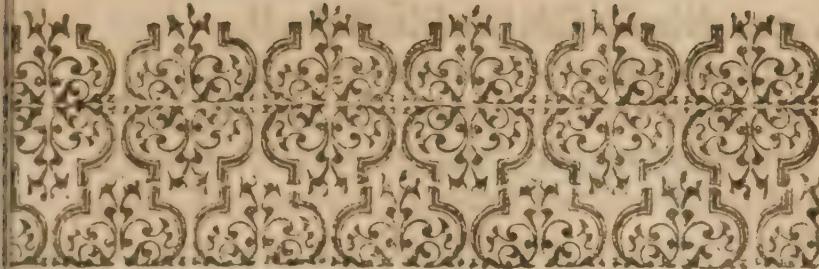
## SPHINX. HYENA.

The night is come, the Shepheard soundly sleeps  
As he had wont, no skar his conscience I cers.  
These two stand Sentinel, and now ere long,  
Comes the *Hyena*, and with smooching tongue  
Saith; Is your Master waking, gentle swaines?  
If not, arere him, tell him all the Plaines  
Are vp in armes against our common foe,  
The false *Hyena* that beguil'd vs so.  
He cannot scape their hands, for they haue found  
The Caue he keeps in, closely vnder ground.  
Bid him awake and rise and come away,  
For all the Shepheards for his comming stay.  
This tale beleeu'd, the *Asse* and *Musk cat* hye,  
To make their Master to make hast to dye.  
He riseth rashly, opes the doore, goes out,  
And is deuour'd ere he can looke about.  
Nor can the watch-men scape, but both are slaine:  
Though one be sweet, the other true and plaine.

## Epimythium.

“ Not simple truth alone can make vs fit,  
“ To beare great place in State without great wit.  
“ For when the Serpent comes to circumuent vs,  
“ We must be Serpents too, or els repent vs.

HIP.



# HIPPOTAMUS.

DEDICATED

o the magnificent KNIGHT  
Sr. HUGH SMITH, and  
his worthy LADY.

Our Auon's quiet, no such Monsters feede  
Bout sandy Seuerne, as in Nilus breed'e:  
Nilus-like your bountie overflowes,  
ence good report, and fame, and honour growes.

He Sea-horse, and the famous Crocodile,  
Both challeng'd to be Kings of fruitfull Nile;  
And sundry fields they fought, where many dyed  
Of either faction, still the cause vntried.  
But often had they single, hand to hand,  
Countred in the flood, and on the land:  
And parted still with equall harme away,  
Or both the blowes bore thence, but not the day;

Yet

Hippotamus  
Nilo  
tur, C  
codile  
m. cus.  
lib. & C  
Croco  
dile  
qu. du  
in terr  
in aqua  
valens

HIPPOPOTAMVS.

Yet each inuincible himselfe did call,  
And so they were, but to themselues, to all.  
But when they cop'd, successe did thus conclude ;  
Courage remayn'd, strength only was subdu'd.  
And so for want of strength they often sundred,  
Though at their wondrous strength al other wondred  
Thus oft they met, and oft assay'd in vaine,  
Who should th'Emperiall crowne of *Nilus* gaine :  
Till both grew weary of these warres at length,  
And gan lay by the vse of armes and strength.  
And truce proclaim'd a while on either part,  
A fained truce, no friendship from the heart.  
For vnder-hand by stratagems, and friends,  
And secret plots, each fought their feuerall ends.  
But much more noble wasthe *Crocodile*,  
And wiser much, though not so full of guile  
As *Hippopotamus*, so th'other hight,  
Who car'd not what he did, or wrong or right,  
By falsehood, bribes, or treason ; so he could,  
The foulest fact, to his aduantage mould,  
And thus he call'd *Chameleon* on a day,  
With *Polypus*, and vnto them gan say :  
You two my bosome-friends, my Minions are,  
My priuie Counsellers in peace and warre.  
And I haue found you plyant to my will,  
Faithfull to me, but false to others still.  
And now I craue, your vtmost Art and reason,  
In conquering of the *Crocodile* by treason ;  
Which thus I purpose : Both of you are made,  
By nature apt to colour and to shade,  
With fit resemblance all the obiects nye,  
On which you shall reflect a steady eye,

## HIPPPOPOTAMVS.

you can seeme otherwise, then what you be,  
and couer hate with close hypocrisie,  
you can take any shape, any disguise,  
and soone beguile the most inquisitiue eyes ;  
earie any Liuery, all companies fit,  
and to each humour change your ready wit.  
is you haue done before, and oft made plaine  
eightie intelligence, and can so againe.  
at each his proper element retayning,  
amēleon in the ayre, and earth remaining,  
you *Polypus* at sea. To sea then hye,  
and with rich promises *Torpedo* buy  
our close seruice : he in Counsell is  
our great foe, a greater friend of his.  
But wealth is our best friend, and that corrupts  
The purest minde, and friendship interrupts.  
ith gifts and promises peruerter him so,  
at he may call vs friend, count him a foe :  
ill him he would, when fitting time doth come,  
ith his slowe touch, secure, bewitch, benumme,  
ar aduersary, and his sense astonish,  
at it may seeme a crime him to admonish  
our apparant practises preparing,  
hilst he attends his sports, no danger fearing.  
en to the Water-rat *Ichnemon* goe,  
and you to *Cuschillus* and will them too,  
hen next they picke his teeth, and scratch his head,  
or they are neere him still at euery stead,  
ad highly fauor'd, (chiefly *Cuschillus*),  
ough both in fee and pension be withvs),  
at they would ioyne their wits and force together  
murther him; and for reward come hither.

Plin. lib.  
cap. 26

So

## HIPPOPOTAMVS.

So when your plots he closely thus conuey'd,  
And all your traines and tew in order laid,  
Then mixe your selues in either element  
With the profuse, the needy, discontent,  
The desperate, the bloody, and the bold,  
Whom nought but feare do from rebellion hold ;  
Of such you shall finde many in this State.  
For hee's remisse, and doth all businesse hate,  
Whereby he gets contempt, and opens wide  
A ready way of entrance vnespide  
To our high aimes. Full many you shall finde  
Of our close faction, fitting to our minde.  
Those that are such encourage, others frame,  
And what you will speake largely in our name ;  
Promise, and sweare, and lye, to make things fit,  
That our designes may prosper by our wit.  
A way, and for the rest leauue that to me.

The spies instructed thus fit agents be,  
And post with speede, and with a speed too good  
Dispatch all Scenes fit for the Act of blood.  
And now the wise, learn'd, valiant *Crocodile*,  
A hunting hies vnto the bankes of *Nile* :  
Where hauing sported long, and fully fed,  
The slow *Torpedo* strokes him on the head,  
Whispers within his eare, and charmes him so  
That in the Sun-shine he to rest must go.  
But as he goes drowsie and reeling thus,  
Meets him the *Indian Rat*, and *Cuschillus*,  
And lowting low with musicke him presents,  
And antique shewes, and masking meriments ;  
Striuing to hide their treason with such Art,  
That their true care almost betrayd their heart,

is wise *Alcedo* (one that many a dish  
d for his King prepar'd, of dantieſt fish),  
d ſoone ſuſpect, and with ſhrill voice gan crie,  
King beware, for enemies are nie ;  
ware of him that's buſie with your eare,  
d tells you lies, that truth you may not heare :  
ware of him that's ſcratching of your head,  
ware of him that's making of your bed.  
ware of him that doth extoll you ſo,  
d like a God adores you as you go :  
ware of him that doth ſo humbly fall  
a his falſe knee ; good King beware of all.  
ith that the *Crocodile* gan looke about,  
ing halfe aſleep, from a ſweet dreame wak'd out,  
d would haue heard more, but the charmers kept  
ie bird away by force ; and ſo he ſlept.  
ſlept, and *Cuschillus* did ſing the while,  
d pickt his teeth, and uſed many a wile  
ope his ouer-chap (for onely he  
oth moue his ouer-chap, the nether we) :  
t laſt he tickled him, and forc't him ſo  
yawne and gape : then *Cuschillus* doth go  
to his belly, and the *Indian Rat*  
eapes quickly after ; where they firſt ſearch what  
loſe counſels, ſecret purpoſes did fill  
is darker boſome, were they good or ill.  
it were they good or ill, it matters not,  
or they pursue and proſecute their plot :  
hey gin to gnaw his bowels, and to rake  
is entrailes with their nailes; which paine doth wake  
im from his lateſt ſleepe, and makes him crie  
loud this counſell : Princes ſee ye trie.

Regn  
potius  
aſſent  
bus q  
ab ho  
euerti  
Parr.  
Com  
Inſt.  
lib. 5.

Solus  
anima  
super  
mauid  
moue  
Croc  
lus. I.

Before

HIPPOTAMVS.

Before ye trust, Those seruants that be ill  
“ At your commaund, for others money will  
“ Betray you too : he easly will dispense  
“ With greatest sinnes, who hath of small no fense:  
“ Beware of such as flatter by traduction,  
“ Theile first be others, then be your destruction.  
“ Beware of priuie whisperers and spies,  
“ The truth they tell is but a sauce for lies.  
Beware of Ledgers, for legerdemaine  
With others beside Iuglers doth remaine :  
“ And cheating and crosse-biting Great ones may  
“ In great things vse, as Little ones at play.  
Beware of Clergie men their colour changing,  
And in each place with lawlesse freedome ranging:  
Take heede of Pensions, they haue often slept,  
In priuy Chambers, and at Counsell kept.  
C. 6.  
is. lib.  
2.  
And if it be a truth which some haue told,  
Good men haue had large sleeues to put vp gold:  
With that he dies, and those that were within,  
Striuing who first should greatest credit win,  
By carrying newes of this accursed deede,  
Hinder each other in their hasty speede :  
And issuing out iust as his chaps did close,  
Did their reward, life, fame, togethet lose.  
“ Yet ill report findes wings in euery place ;  
And this vnto the Sea-horse flies apace ;  
Who (making too much hast) in top of pride,  
Nothing before, behinde, nor bout him spide,  
And so, for lacke of care, himselfe betraide  
Into a pit-fall which th' Egyptians laid.  
There he doth pine to death, and dying cries,  
“ Who liues by treason, thus by treason dies.

Epimythius

Epimythium.

He *Crocodile* is a Hieroglyphicke of Honour or Nobility.

he *Hippopotame*, of Impietie, Ingratitude, and Enesse.

These two haue continuall warre: and in that *Melion* and *Polypus* (the types of subtil dissimulation, and craftie hypocrisie), ioyne with *Hippopotame* inst the *Crocodile*; it giues honour warning to beware of such who adapt themselues to please humors, both grosse follies: for these though perhaps they haue of their colour, weare their liueries, following religion whom they depend vpon, will notwithstanding for gaine, *Iudas* like, kisse and betray men.

In that the time when this was done, is said to be in peace after sport: it shewes that Honor which decays from action, decaies with affectation of peace, sleepes to death with immoderate pleasure in the bedes or bed of securitie.

The touch of *Torpedo* warnes Greatnesse from rashnes, and to beware of such charming Counsellours who hide the truth of dangers from the eyes of States.

*Alcedos* warning the *Crocodile*, tels vs no dangers without admonition: Wisedome cries out in streetes, it is our owne fault if stopping our eares we perish wilfully.

In that *Chuschillus* sings the *Crocodile* asleepe, tels vs, flatterie is the ruine of honour; yet the flatters note is sweeter, and wel-commer to the eare, then

then the admonition of friendship and true loue.

6. In that *Ichneumon* and *Cuschillus* leape into belly, it shewes Treason will pursue the blackest p[ro]iect with most bloody and bold violence; and w[ill] striue to double that sinne with slander and misrep[utation] which once they contriued, applauded, and perha[rd] perswaded Greatnesse to commit.

7. In that *Hippopotame* falls into the *Ægyptian* trap, it shewes what the Psalmist saith, Who digg[eth] pit for another, falls therein himselfe. Treason e[ven] betaynes the Traytor, else it were not right treason

If any man enquire farther after this tale, let him call to minde the late death of that renowned King *France*, whose life was terrible to *Rome* and her herents.

He had many admonitions to beware of Iesuitis practises, but would not take heede, his confidence might rather be tearemed presumption then courage.

I haue heard a story of him which may be as true as its strange: the probabilitie is great.

*Monsieur D. Plessis* (that glorious starre of age) being euer bold with the King, because the King knew him honest, and durst trust him farther the *Protestant Prince* may trust a *Popish Catholike* w[ill] safety, told his Master that all the world did wonder at the sodaine repeale of that edict of banishment solemnly made by the *Parliament* against all *Iesuists* upon so iust an occasion as the wounding of his sacred person by one of their disciples. He humbly besought him to giue him licence to put him in minde he once professing the reformed religion, euen in armes he had been defended from the treacheries of his en-

## HIPPPOPOTAMVS.

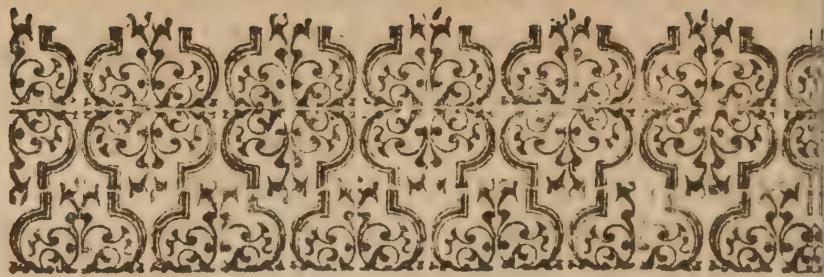
ies by that God whose cause hee fought for. But  
w in the armes of peace, hee was endangered by  
em who pretend his protection, for that they  
ought that howsoeuer for some respects he carried  
mselfe, he could not be in loue with their d̄arkenesse  
ho had beene acquainted with the true light: And  
eProtestants thought so likewise, the rather induced  
reunto by Gods mir culous deliverance of him  
om the horror of that bloody attempt, not suffering  
y part to be punished but his mouth with which hee  
d offended. But hee besought him to remember  
at the hearts of Kings are in the hands of God as  
ell as their heads; and if they forsake or forget him  
d what he hath done for them, hee in Iustice often  
ues them ouer into the hands of their enemies.

I enforce no man to beleue this Narration; the  
obability, with the credit of the Relator, and the  
cresse, haue preuailed with me to accept and report  
As his death was the damnable act of a Iesuiticall  
flusinat of the Romish religion, so this admonition  
eares the shape of a true *Israelite* and one of the house  
f peace.

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D PHÆ.

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## PHÆNIX.

DEDICATED

To the honorable KNIGH  
Sr. ROBERT RICHE, and  
his noble LADY.

**T**Here's but one Phænix, if there had been more,  
Your names had stood within, but now before.

**T**H' Arabian Phænix, being noble, young,  
And newly from his fathers ashes sprung,  
Seeing how other birds did louers take (ma  
Of their owne kind, would needs like tr  
bix v.<sup>r</sup>  
dicitur  
uis, &  
o or-  
raturum  
laris.  
And thought by what good course he might preuen  
His doubted ruine, and seeme prouident,  
Where natnre (as he iudg'd) defective stood,  
In leauing single, such an absolute good.  
His meanes was marriage, married he would be,  
But where to choose a Mate he could not see :

PHÆNIX.

¶ r choose hee might and please his curious eyne,  
ch bird made suite to be his Valantine.  
The *Pehen* drest her selfe and spred her taile,  
The *Turkey-ben* aduanc'd her spotted saile.  
The *Turtle* left her mate to ioyne with him,  
The *Siluer-Swan* in ruffled pride did Swim,  
The *Parakite*, and *Golafinch*,, Citie heires,  
Offer'd him loue, and what besides was theirs :  
The courtly *Pheasant*, gaudy *Popinjay*,  
Varied coloures dreit themselues that day :  
The sweet *Canary* singer stroue t' excell  
The merry-making mournefull *Philomel* ;  
Who left deploring, and did mirth preferre :  
Wishing the *Phænx* would haue rauish't her.  
All these, with all besides the rest excelling,  
Did woo him, proffer loue, their passions telling.  
It all in vaine ; the bird of *Paradise*,  
Had with her pleasing forme bewitcht his eyes.  
He wooes, and winnes her too, with small adoe,  
Where both desire, both parties seeme to wooe :  
And who would not desire so rare a one,  
Whom all desire, him to enjoy alone ?  
They married are. Opinions equall voice,  
They both are happy in each others choice.  
For she was faire, and rare, and rich, and young,  
And wise, and noble, and full sweetly sung ;  
All complete she was, only did faile,  
Having too small a body for her taile.  
His fault she tooke by kinde, it cost her nought,  
From her birth place the frailtie first she brought.  
And though by all good meanes she stroue to hide  
His naturall blemish, still it was espide.

## PHÆNIX.

And spied the more, because this corporall ill,  
Being single here, did each mans fancy fill.  
" That disproportion doubles in the minde,  
" Where we it single in the body finde.  
And so it fell out here ; not long they dwelt  
In peace, but loues fire alteration felt,  
And gan to slake and coole, where it should not,  
And where it should be coole, it waxed hot.  
Shee now did hate and loath, the sweet she had,  
And linger after something that was bad.  
Her taile was too too large for him to tread,  
He too too little her to ouer-spread.  
To ouerspread her body was not much,  
But her insatiate taile, and minde was such.  
So weakest stomacks strongest meates desire.  
So greatest smoke riseth from smallest fire.  
So slender wits great matters vndertake.  
So swift pursuite, doth slow performance make.  
So th' appetite, by impotence is mou'd.  
So shee (though little) eu'ry great thing lou'd.  
She lou'd all great things, and all rare things soughe  
But what she had that she esteemed nought.  
She had what others long'd for, and enjoyde  
What all desir'd : and that enjoying cloyde.  
And now she ginnes to hate, and wish in heart,  
A fit occasion offer'd were to part.  
But wanting such, shee frames one : doth traduce,  
And wound his honour for her owne excuse.  
And still pretending modesty a cause,  
Immodestly, she triall claimes by lawes.  
Although the *Phænix* her with teares did woo,  
She separation sought, and gets it too.

PHÆNIX.

sentence past, she *Cynosure* doth wed,  
vnkowne fowle, by th'ayre begot and bred.  
(following kind) trod oft, and quencht her heate,  
d she laid oft, fild many a neast and seate  
ith addle egges; but neuer bird did spring.  
t of those shells, nor other liuing thing.  
t some in their opinions counted wise,  
t that such egges do hatch the Cockatrice.  
t nothing from these spurious Embrions came  
t naked promises, and open shame.  
In memory of whose vnhappy wombe,  
at brought dead fruit forth, like a liuing tombe,  
ead fruit, much like faire apples all of smoake,  
hich grow in *Sedome*, and the eaters choake,) .  
th courtly lady now vpon their head,  
weare a bird of Paradise, instead  
a light feather; which doth warning giue,  
w free from lightnesse, Ladies ought to liue:  
w constant they should be, how firme in loue:  
t feather-like, apt with each breath to moue,  
w well proportion'd, not so great below,  
t lesse in shew; and more in truth to know.  
fit the bottome with an equall saile,  
d not to ouer-top the head with taile.  
this it tells them, and doth shew beside,  
How addle egges spring out of lust, and pride.  
How noble houses by ignoble deeds,  
Bury themselues and their owne ruine breeds.  
How beautie and all vertues of the minde,  
Zonioynde with wealth, adorne not woman kinde;  
Except with these, true chastitie be plac'd,  
And that againe, by modesty be grac'd.

## PHÆNIX.

And now I will proceede to tell my story,  
How sad the *Phænix* was in minde, how sory  
To be so slighted and so ill respected,  
By her for whose sake, he had all neglected.  
This wounds his heart, and he resolues too late,  
All second matches for the first to hate ;  
To liue alone, and neuer more to minde  
Fond alteration, in the course of kinde.  
But grieve perp<sup>t</sup> ex't him so, he fear'd to die,  
Ere he were fitted for posteritie.  
And so his neast vnmade, he quickly might,  
Both life, and name, and memory loose out-right  
This to preuent, his flight he nimblly takes  
O're hilles and dales, o're desarts, riuers, lakes,  
O're kingdomes, countries, bounding East and West  
And splices gathers vp to build his neast.  
Which made, and finding still his former grieve,  
Not cur'd but growing desperate of relieve,  
Him better seem'd by priuiledge of kinde,  
To kill his body, and renue his minde :  
To leauue grieve where it breeds with earth on earth,  
And recreate his spirit with spritly birth,  
(Like fire, which touching powder straight resolueth  
The grosser parts ; and each it selfe inuolues  
In its owne element) then so t' outweare  
And tyre away with grieve sixe hundred yeare,  
(For so long liues the *Phænix*) but thought he,  
" So long he dies that liues in miserie.  
And therefore soone betakes him to his neast,  
Wherfore-prepar'd he finds his funerall drest.  
The Sun shines bright and hot, he with his wings  
Makes more the heate : & sparkling diamond brin

Wh

## PHÆNIX.

hose strong reflection, or retention rather  
her beates backe the heate, or heate doth gather.  
hich kindled (like dri'd leaues with burning glasses)  
onsumes the neast, and bird, and all to ashes.  
on these ashes fruitfull dewes descend,  
nd the hot Sun his actiue beames do bend.  
heate and moisture twixt them procreate,  
silly worme vnlike the bird in state.  
t time doth giue it growth, and shape, and feathers,  
nd still perfection from each houre it gathers.  
ll to the former equall it appeares,  
t rather all one bird, except in yeares.  
The rauenous *Vulture* wondring long had stood  
marke all this, within a neighbour wood.  
hich hauing seene, ambition pricks her so,  
hat she resolues what euer power saith no,  
ample and direction hence to take,  
er selfe and hers all *Phanixes* to make.  
calls she first the Hee, and then the young :  
nd thus gan speake to them with rauisht tounge.  
ow much my power hath done, how much my wit,  
ou know, yet know some repetition fit.  
o the *Eagle* rule, (the birds braue King)  
nd worke him to my minde in euery thing.  
e preyes on whom I list ; still on the best ;  
ates what I stint him, and leaues you the rest.  
gouerne euery *Hawke*, or bird of prey ;  
ich as confront the *Eagle*, me obay ;  
nd make me sharer in their richest prize,  
nd how to please me best, best meanes devise,  
that despise Religion, scorne all law,  
o b finde all other birds to both by awe :

To both for my aduantage, else you know  
I can prophane the Temple well enough ;  
Pollute the Altar ; search the graue, each tombe,  
And dig out of the priuiledged wombe  
Of hallow'd earth, dainties for you to lurch,  
Mans flesh, enshrined in the sacred Church.  
You know I foster Souldiers not for loue,  
But to breed warres ; the slaine my prey still proue.  
All sorts, professions, kinds, I prey ypon,  
When their sweete flesh is turn'd to carrion.  
For carrion is my food, let others kill  
And hazzard life for life, we safely will  
Eate the vnfortunate, the weake, distressed,  
Whom want enfeebled, mightie power oppressed.  
This is our practise. But I cald ye now  
For higher aimes : to giue you notice how  
We may aspire in royltie and pride  
Aboue the *Eagle*, and all birds beside.  
Much time, much study, with full large expence,  
Haue I bestowed, to gaine intelligence  
Of a rare secret, which exceedeth farre  
Th' *Alchimisters* Idol, call'd th' Elixar.  
This is, to vnderstand and know aright,  
What course to take, and how we compasse might  
The glorious eminence, the singular grace,  
The famous *Phænix* hath in euery place :  
How to attaine her nature, beauty, state ;  
And without copulation procreate.  
At length my wit, my industry, and chance  
Concurring, did this happiness aduance :  
For watching lately, as I often did,  
In desart vast, among thicke bushes hid,

P. H. AENIX.

aw (vnseene) the mysterie throughout,  
nd can resolute each rite, each scrupulous doubt.  
e circumstance were needless, whil'st the fact  
all manifest each feuerall Scene, and act,  
ith happy issue ; and accomplish so  
ur wishes, that we shall amazed goe ;  
mazed goe, to see our selues so low,  
soone to such a pitch of glory grow :  
soone translated, metamorphosed,  
nd new created from the foot to head :  
yond our hopes, report, the present station  
f other birds, almost to adoration.  
quire not how, but each prepare t'obay,  
hat I command ; performance leads the way.  
e on, hie all, to feuerall quarters flie,  
nd through the whole world make a scrutinie  
or aromatick drugges, perfuming spices,  
re pretious stones, rich iewels, strange deuices.  
ring them together, lay them on this hill,  
nd the successe refer to my deep skill.  
The young ones all obayde, but then the Male  
aid long t'enquire the reason of this tale.  
et long he durst not stay, lest shee from thence  
ould beate him for his arrogant offence :  
or females of all rauening fowles beare sway,  
nd the blacke *Vulture* is a bird of prey.  
he male ne're meddles with young, meat, or nest :  
at shee commands, and he sits like a guest.  
e seeing her incenst, away doth post  
re many Seas, and many an vnknowne Coast,  
nd all the world surueyes from East to West,  
rom North to South, and gathers what is best ;

Sweet

PHÆNIX.

Sweet odiferous spices, amber-greece,  
The *Castors* stones, the *Ermins* spotted fleene,  
Rich *Luzerns*, *Sables*, *Martins*, and the horee  
Of the most precious-feld-seen *Vnicorne*.  
The *Musk-cats* cod, with Rubies blushing red,  
Quick-sparkling Diamonds cutting glasse like lead ;  
Bright shining Carbuncles, and Saphires blew,  
With Jasper, Iacynth ; Emeralds greene in view ;  
Perspicuous Christall, orient Pearles large, round,  
And Gold, for which man doth the Center sound ;  
Blacke, white, greene, marble ; in-laid Porphyrie,  
With Alabasters for Imagerie :  
Truth-trying Touch-stones, making things distinct,  
And what variety else within precinct  
Of ample Nature dwels, they hither brought ;  
With which a curious neast shee neatly wrought,  
To match whose wealth remaining earth was base.  
Her selfe, Mate, yong, each by themselues had place  
In this most royll building. Then in state  
Her selfe sate downe, and next her musing Mate.  
Her young ones, then in ordet, One by One,  
And now the Sunne shin'd hot on euery stone  
The spice gan kindle. Now quoth shee I finde  
My selfe halfe made immortall changing kinde.  
The fire flam'd fiercer then, and sing'd their wings :  
Be constant Sirs quoth shee, you shall be Kings.  
“ Gold crownes are heauy, toyle is hard but gainful  
“ There is no excellent sweet but first is painfull.  
They would haue flowne away, but 'twas too late.  
Quoth shee the *Phænix* dies to liue in state.  
With that she sinkes, her neast and all combust  
Her glorious hopes, and projects turn'd to dust.

Whic

## P. H. A. N. I. X.

hich tells vs this : Pride still doth ouer-build.  
Folly is not in architecture skill'd.  
Wit frames his Plot according to his state,  
And to a small house makes no lofty gate.  
But ouer-bold Ambition fires her neast,  
And proues her houses shame, her house a ieast.

## Epimythium.

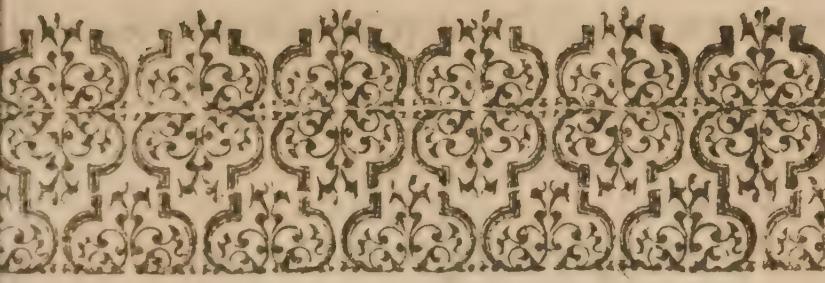
The *Phanix* betokens vnitie in Religion. This was  
oper to the Iewes, but they forsooke it, as the bird  
Paradice did the *Phanix*. Then it came to the  
gentiles and seemed to returne to its owne nature to  
e vniuersall, not tyed to place, or Nation, or person.  
The *Phanix* died, and out of the ashes arose a new  
*Phanix*. Christ came not to destroy but fulfill the  
law. The old faith remaines which was first pre-  
ached in Paradice, the ceremonies only are abolished  
by the presence of the thing signified. That seems an-  
other, which is the same truth. Wee Christians pos-  
esse what the Iewes expected. They are divorced  
with the bird of Paradice) for their vnfaythfulness  
and vnbelleefe; now they are wedded to the *Cynosure*  
heir owne wils and stiffe-necked opinions and tradi-  
tions. They tread and cackle, and lay egges; addle  
egges or rather adders egges, egges of winde with-  
out fruit, which neuer proue birds. They expect in-  
vaine an other Messias to saue them, till the true Mes-  
sias is ready to come to iudge them. They are a scat-  
tered people, hatefull to all where they inhabite.

The

PHÆNIX.

The *Vulture* and her brood is the Clergie of Rome where the shee or female preuailes. Shee will be called the Mother Church, which is truly the whore of Babylon, the malignant Church, the Aduersarie, the Antichrist. Shee builds to her owne ruine, her powe: and policie shall ouerthrow it selfe. Shee shall burne in her owne nest. Let all such therefore as loue the truth, and would saue their soules, come out of her.

VNIO.



# V N I O.

DEDICATED

TO THE TRVE LO-  
VER OF HIS COVNTRY

Sr. ARTHVR HEVENINGHAM

Knight, and his truly Reli-  
gious L A D Y.

YOV know the moodes of Men, the tempers too  
Of Climes, of States, of Elements; Then who  
May better read this tale? The minde that's free  
Can iudge diseases, and distempers see.

**T**HE Mole, Chamelion, and the Salamander,  
As neere the Ocean they together wander,  
Spyng at sea the Lamprey, hailed him thus:  
Good day my friend to you and eke to vs.  
We three are met to argue and debate  
Which of vs liueth in the happiest state;  
Whether the ayre, the earth, or fire doth giue  
To what they breed best sustenance to liue.

And

And we would gladly heare how farre the sea  
 May with fire, ayre, and earth compared be.  
 You happily we met as we would wish,  
 Being a prompt, deep diving, subtle fish,  
 And ablest to resolute vs. Come then shew  
 The life you lead, and learne our liues to know.  
 The *Lamprey* soone consents. And first the *Mole* :  
 Doth thus begin. Deare friends I left my hole  
 To breath the open ayre (whose light I hate)  
 T'acquaint yee with the blessings of my state.  
 And to perswade ye, if you loue your rest  
 To liue with me in peace, and plenty blest.  
 It fits me first to speake, for I had first  
 My being, long before the earth was curst.  
 Darkenesse was not created ; tis as old  
 As that great workeman which the whole doth moulder.  
 But light was made long after, and doth shew,  
 That ignorance is elder then to know.  
 The workmans selfe in cloudy darknes keeps ;  
 For no eye sees or when he wakes or sleepes.  
 He loues not euery curious foole should see  
 What ioyes, what treasures, in obliuion bee.  
 The worthy Grecian would haue learn'd that Art,  
 For ignorance is wisdoms better part.  
 When all was *Chaos* first the Center stood,  
 And all the solide parts, call'd Earth. The flood  
 Was next being ponderous. The ayre flew higher ;  
 And as a hedge to all was placed fire.  
 What first was plac'd was worthiest, & brought for  
 The first of creatures, and best things of worth.  
 And first it brought forth things that were below ;  
 The roote had life, before the fruit did grow.

nd we (earths darlings) had our shape within  
re you without. Nor doe th' effects of sin  
Ambitious sin which light and knowledge sought  
nd (fondly curious) blinde obedience thought  
base director) so afflict and kill  
s here within ; as you who share in ill  
f punishment and guilt, with foolish man ;  
et no way from his rule acquit ye can.  
ou dwell with him, and dye with him. But we  
re earth by nature, procreated free.  
nd our forefathers customes still obay,  
oe as they did, and follow their blind way.  
ot striuing busily our wits t' approue  
y searching doubts, but rather shew our loue,  
y louing eu'en their errors that are gone,  
r reuerently beleeuing they had none.  
Our dyet is most choice, on rootes to feed,  
nd relish first the sweet of euery seed.  
ou liue on th' excrement, and do not know,  
hat fundamentall vertue springs below.  
esides you liue like slaues, but I am free,  
hough bloudy-minded Man oft seeks for me.  
he Lyon did pretend because I haue  
oure feet, that I by nature was his slauue :  
e call'd for this a Councell, sent for me  
o sweare to his seruile supremacie.  
ut I (refusing th' othe) to spite him more  
id vndermine his Councell-chamber flore  
nd had not light (damn'd light) my plot bewraide  
e had to hell sunke by the traine I laide.  
ut light discouered me, and since that deed  
loath light more, and so in darknesse breed.

Hud  
dege  
Tal  
radi  
subt  
med  
corn  
Isid.

Dark-

Darknes thou sweet companion, friend of sleepe,  
 How I delight in thee. With thee doth keepe  
 All that man seeks for, euery secret plot,  
 Darke mysterie, close lttatagem ; what not ?  
 Inuisible wealth, with treasures manifold,  
 But chiefe Mans soule, his god, almighty gold.  
 This Man knowes well, and knowing learnes of mee  
 To dig and delue till in his g: aue he be.

Then all proclaime him happy : say he is  
 At peace and rest, and doth enjoy all blisse.  
 And such say truth : for he returnes againe  
 To his first being, and doth so remaine.

qui- " Contentment with darke ignorance doth dwell,  
 bnt. " And light and knowledge only maketh hell.  
 3. Then without farther strife liue all with mee,  
 oby. If you will taste no paines, nor errors see.

The changeable *Chamelion* laught out-right,  
 To heare the blinde *Mole* raile so much at light.  
 And said ; Your darker spirits can't conceiue,  
 The blessed fruit, that we from light receiue.

Let fooles depend on faith implicatiue,  
 Wise-men into the depth of truth will diue.  
 Darknesse and ignorance, which you suppose  
 Had an eternall being, are the foes.

Of all eternall beings ; and indeed  
 Are voide in nature without fruit, root, seed.  
 Darknesse is but the absence of cleare light.  
 As error is the ignorance of right.

So these two are vacuities, want being ;  
 Not seene by others, nor yet others seeing.  
 From nothing, nothing springs ; something there w  
 From whence this vniuersall frame, this Masse

f strange agreeing contrarieties,  
ad essence: and 'twas something that had eyes :  
or sure it was not ignorance, nor night,  
they could not see to order things so right.  
But it was knowledge, wisedome, light, and truth,  
ig'rd in mature age, and a ctive youth.  
The priuiledge you plead, Antiquitie,  
coues onely, that of old you vs'de to lye ;  
nd that all truth you hate, for truth doth run  
till to the light, and you the light do shun.  
nd where you challenge your creation first ;  
is not like, Nature would make the worl  
efore the best ; except this can preferre  
our claime, that as young workemen vse to erre  
n their first workes ; so Nature first did try  
o make right eyes, by making yours awry.  
Such rather truth it is, she did bestow,  
abour in framing others; but for you,  
he left you to corruption, night, and chance,  
Vhich made your eies such, such your countenance.  
nd your tame-blinde obedience well befits  
uch earth-bred, doltish, dull, and sluggish wits.  
But ayerie Spirits acquainted with the light,  
Vill not be led by custome from the right.  
To loue, no friends, no predecessor shall  
eruert their iudgements ; they examine all.  
nd for the food ye boast to eat boast still ;  
To root, herbe, fruit of yours, I handle will.  
They are corrnted. Ayre doth only giue  
rue nourishment, and happiest meanes to liue.  
The sick-man shewes this, who the weather fayre,  
Remooues for health, from close to th'open ayre.

E

And

Talpa sc  
odit & fu  
Isid.  
Omne a  
mal gen  
rans; sibi  
similes  
bet ocal  
præter t  
pam, &c  
Arist..  
Talpa  
habet o  
los quia  
generat  
ne eius i  
turale  
tur.  
Arist.l.  
de anim  
Talpa r  
strum ha  
ad mod  
porci.

pa. And for the light, your death doth it approoue;  
ium When only then your eyes are seen to moue.  
pitur Then you begin to see, and loath the kinde  
ido in- Which being blind themselues brought you vp blin-  
: mori, Bereauing you of many a blessed sight,  
m inci- Which we enjoy, who loue and liue in light.  
iperite Your freedom from all beasts I like. Tis ill  
os. To be subiected to anothers will:  
t. But that to your superiors I do hate,  
fit And therefore am exilde from euery state:  
acle- I liue a poore thin creature, by the ayer;  
cibus. My selfe I feed with hopes, others with prayer.  
mele- My eyes I oft lift vp, and roole about,  
gyrat Desiring to be seen to be devout.  
os su- But neither with my bulke, nor with my backe  
equen- Supply the least defect of others lacke.  
t. I beare no Wooll to clothe, no flesh to feed;  
circum- Let sheep, and Calues, releue the poore that need.  
jue. I rauisht go with a distracted looke,  
t. And turne my mind, still, as I turne my booke;  
And my will doth lead my conscience, not my wit.  
And euery riddle for my purpose fit:  
Hating what ere is old, I loue the new  
And to all purposes, change my ready hue.  
My flesh is low, my spirit high and proud  
Doth contradict what order hath allow'd.  
I fast when others feast, feast when they fast,  
oresuo And with Angelicall food, I do out-last  
hodicæ All Gormandizers. Come then, liue with me  
is. All that loue life, and light, and would be free.  
The *Salamander* hearing this discourse,  
Sayd. Sure you both do argue without force.

Dark

Darke ignorance out nature doth contemne: F R I D A Y.  
 And curios search wise Magistrates condemne: F R I D A Y.  
 By blindnesse we our wants and dotage shew: F R I D A Y.  
 So those, not reverence but reproch is due. F R I D A Y.  
 Not priuative blindnesse, our antiquitie showes, F R I D A Y.  
 But onely that which by long seeing growes. F R I D A Y.  
 But you blinde *Mole* do ignorance affect, F R I D A Y.  
 Which breeds derision, scorne and dis-respect, F R I D A Y.  
 For what a senfek sse part is this in you, F R I D A Y.  
 Our fathers faults and erroirs to allow? F R I D A Y.  
 And not much rather to reforme your owne, F R I D A Y.  
 By shunning the defects, which they hane showne? F R I D A Y.  
 Your food is grosse and earthly; dirt and mould, F R I D A Y.  
 Mixt with old roots, do much corruption hold. F R I D A Y.  
 Yet (though they gin to die, with age and wither) F R I D A Y.  
 The good with bad (being old) you cram togither. F R I D A Y.  
 This makes my fiery spirit scorne to keep F R I D A Y.  
 In your darke celles, where knowledge seems to sleep. F R I D A Y.

But you *Chameleon* with a hand too bold, F R I D A Y.  
 Oppose, contemne, and scorne, what's ere is old. F R I D A Y.  
 You onely loue to see, but not to doo, F R I D A Y.  
 You dote on knowledge and on error too. F R I D A Y.  
 "T is error, in our sight to ouer weene, F R I D A Y.  
 "And but our owne, all iudgements dis-esteeme; F R I D A Y.  
 "T is error to be fondly ouer-wise, F R I D A Y.  
 "Too pure, too iust, too perfect, too precise. F R I D A Y.  
 There is a meane. For knowledge sure doth lie: F R I D A Y.  
 "Onely, where it doth good to others giue, F R I D A Y.  
 You too too sawcie hidden secrets handle; F R I D A Y.  
 And too too fond your owne conceits doe dandle, F R I D A Y.  
 And cocker with obseruance: being so F R I D A Y.  
 A friende to superstition, though a foe. F R I D A Y.

The light you vse, is borrowed not your owne,  
The colours that you see, their ground vnowne.  
Your darke imperfect, double glimmering sight,  
Is but th'extended beames of greater light.  
Arising from vicinitie of fire ,  
To which the purest elements aspire  
In their refined parts; the earth in gold  
And pretious stones, doe most resemblance hold;  
The sea in salt, in Pearles, in dewes that rise,  
And to the Sonne-ward with ambition flies;  
The Ayre in colous and in Meteors bright,  
Which the Sunnes place vsurpe in darkeſt night.  
Tis fire alone that searcheth and refines,  
And doth diuide the groſſe from purer mines.  
Tis fire that makes graſſe, herbe, andtree to grow:  
Meltes the seas Icie chaines, and th'earths cold snow  
It cheares the young, it cherifheth the old,  
Reuiues the dying, makes the Coward bold.  
Nothing without it can be said to liue,  
Whatſere hath being, it doth glory give.  
Which makes me to determine, that the light  
Which you inuible call, is but a sprite  
Made by your feare, and strong imagination,  
Without true being, essence, or foundation.  
For light the greater'tis, doth more appeare;  
So ſhould that light of lights, if ſuch there were.  
My iudgement therefore in this rule doth runne,  
There's nothing greater then the glorious Sunne,  
Here I ſet downe my rest. And ſo the ſchooles,  
That teach beleefe, let them ſtill tutor ſooles:  
From your contention, my iuſtuction ſprung,  
And thus I learn'd to thinke when I was young.

The

he Mole d oth feede too much on earthly meat,  
nd the Chameleon nought but ayre doth eat.  
neither like your fast, nor yet your feasting,  
or twixt you two all earnest curries to feasting.  
nd doth perswade me thinke, there is no food,  
n earth or ayre, that doth or hurt, or good.  
o all my knowledge, practise, life, doth chime,  
ccording to the current, state, and time.  
thinke they'r only gulls that live in awe  
f any thing but want, death, and the law.  
quench all fiery zeal wheres'ere I come;  
nd would have Policie speake, Religion dumbe.  
payson with my breath, both foe and friend,  
nd to my pleasure doe each proiect bende:  
n briese I onely am a freeman borne,  
V ho loue my selfe alone, and others scorne.

The Lamprey hearing this damn'd Atheist tell,  
tale besetting none but Machinael,  
hrust his eye-guarded head aboue the brim,  
f the rug'd waues; and to the shore did twine.  
nd on his slippery belly gan to slide,  
ill he came neere the Salamanders side.  
hou cursed slau'e ( q 10th he ) though I proceed  
rom some of thy neere kin, of serpents seed.  
nd am halfe serpent, as thou wholly art,  
et I am halfe a fish; and even that part  
rouokes me contradict the cursed note,  
Vhieh thou didst vomit from thy venom'd throat.  
hy Pedigree is lineally deriued  
rom that great Serpent, which at first deprived  
he rest of feet; and being ouer-wise  
full'd credulous man of glorious paradise.

Salam.  
dræ r.  
est rig  
v<sup>r</sup> igne  
ractu e  
guat si  
glacies  
Plin.l.  
fructus  
borum  
cit, aq  
corru  
Ex qui  
si quis  
meder  
vel bib  
wox r  
tur.  
Plin.l.  
Mure  
non à  
simili  
cipitur,  
à serpe  
I sid.l.  
cap.6.

Still thou partak'ist that nature, and each tree,  
Thy tongue or teeth touch, so infected be  
In root and fruit, that who so eats doth die,  
Poyson'd b' accurst, cold infidelitie.  
Too light beleefe, and too too earnest thirst  
Of curiositie knowledge, causde death enter first.  
But now thy skill hath brought it so about,  
That hearing, seeing, feeling, still we doubt  
And flying one extreme, we fondly fall  
Into the contrary, wise, fooles, and all.  
" Yet blindness better is, then hauing eyes,  
" Not to acknowledge truthe, but count them lies.  
" Tis better to be doubtfull what we know,  
" Then to be Truthe's profest and open foe.  
The *Mole* and the *Chameleon* better are,  
And neerer truthe, then thou thy selfe by farre.  
Yet the *Chameleon* somewhat doth resemble  
Thy nature, but he can more close dissemble.  
He is not so prophane, so impious, bold,  
To call all truthe in doubt, both new and old.  
Though he gites darknesse, not the praise he oughte,  
And too too curious, after knowledge sought.  
Yet he confesseth that there is a light  
He cannot see through th' impotence of sight.  
But you all light and knowledge do confesse  
Within the *Script*, as if it were diuine.  
And like a desperate traytor, foolish cheefe,  
From art and nature steale, to kill beleefe.  
Come then good fellowes (quoth the *Lamprey*) and  
This monster vp against vs; let vs make  
Him an example of our justice shounre,  
Upon Truthe's foe, so manifestly knownre.

ith that he nimblly twines himselfe about  
the *Salamander* (being quicke and stout : )  
the *Chameleon* and the *Mole*, the *Lamprey* aide  
which makes the *Salamander* much dismay'd.  
But he doth lay about with tongue, teeth, nailes,  
and bites them all, but oddes at length preuailes.  
And they remaining victors cast him downe  
from the steepe cliffe, and so the Atheist drowne.

Then coming backe, they two the *Lamprey* pray  
is wise opinion of their strife to say :  
that they may know to which part he enclines  
whether to darknesse, or where splendor shines.  
He soone consents, and tells how he (by kinde  
red and brought vp in mud) is of the minde  
the *Mole* spake truth. For happiness (quoth he)  
Consists in what we haue, not what we see.  
And sight prouokes vs wish, and couet change  
and so in boundlesse, endlesse, toyle we range.  
He that knowes most, knowes best what he doth.  
The losse of *Paradise* is only this. (misfe,  
The simple innocent truth this instance fameth ;  
Man in the darke being naked nothing shameth.  
Thus he discourtst, then tells how he behaues  
imselfe in darknesse, vnderneath the waues.  
Now he prefers old Ignorance, before  
new Knowledge, and (I wot) knowes cause therefore.  
knowes how for this opinion he was brought  
before the *Whale*, yet long in vaine was sought :  
tells how he scapes the search by many creeks  
and winding holes, when *Hippia* him seeks :  
or they (*Phoenician Crefishes* being swift)  
are Purseuants which he can hardly shift :

Yet he hath learned counsell, who directs  
His whole proceeding when he ought suspects.  
First subtle *Polypus* to whom he cleaves,  
And seeming part of him the search deceaves.  
The turbulent *Cuttle*, who doth raise the mud,  
And such a colour mingle with the flood,  
That no eye can discouer where he lies,  
And so he often scapes the craftie spies.  
Then creepes to stones that lye on silt and sand,  
(Not to the corner-stone on stedfast land : )  
And if by chance they finde him spite of these,  
And so attach him, then he can with ease  
Slip through their fingers, or himselfe vnwinde,  
By leauing some part of his slime behinde.  
He can equiuocate, and double so,  
That euery way at once he seemes to go.  
Yet once he taken was, and brought to triall,  
Where with his doubtfull answers, stiffe deniall,  
Low crowching, smoth conueyance, flattering guise,  
He scap't th' Exchequer, Prison, and th' Assise.  
Then being askt, why darker ignorance  
Before the light he did in speech aduance.  
He answers, first it was to try his wit ;  
Not that he held it, to be true or fit.  
Againe, because small vse of light he had,  
He to make some fooles like himselfe was glad.  
With these slye answers, and great friends beside,  
And faithfull bribes, he did from danger glide :  
And such fee'd friends he had in euery Court,  
And euery office, at the least report  
Of threatned danger rounded him in th' eare  
To shift his seat, before the storme came neare.

Then

en shewes he how the better to disguise  
is double face, he had two rowes of eyes :  
though he lou'd all knowledge, and all light.  
t (quoth he) only two of these haue sight ;  
e rest are hypocriticall and blind :  
t their appearance calmes the *Whales* fierce mind  
hose easie nature open to abuse,  
kes shew for substance, colour for excuse.  
hus adapt and frame my selfe to follow  
e *Whale's* command, although my heart be hollow,  
iue at quiet, offices obtaine,  
ace in the warres, and in the *Coram* gaine.  
l which shall turne vnto the *Whales* destruction :  
euer great fish, moue but insurrection :  
or I'le discouer all when time shall fit ;  
Who trusts a halfe friend, hath not halfe his wit.  
Whil'st thus he argu'd, and the *Mole* grew proud,  
o heare affected ignorance allow'd :  
nd that so many in that large dominion,  
emain'd vpholders of his stiffe opinion.  
he thinne *Chameleon* gan looke bigge and swell,  
nd each complain'd himselfe he was not well,  
ut then too late, they found how they were stung  
nd poysone'd by the *Salamanders* young.  
here was no helpe, but die they must. In vaine  
hey weepe ; and each to other shew their paine,  
ill Justice did by death their paine conclude,  
With tragicke end closing their interlude.

*Epizyrbium.*

## Epimythium.

**T**He *Mole* is the blinde, obstinate, refractory Romish Catholike, who hath no other answere a reason for any article of faith, or point of religion, but this: My predecessors were of this opinion, and they were wiser then I am. His Positions are. 1. *Ignorantia est mater devotionis.* 2. *Caca obedientia meruit e. condigno.* 3. *Fides implicativa sufficit.* He obeys that which he calls the mother Church, before God, who is his heauenly Father. For he had rather breake ten of his commandements then one of hers. Gods Sabo both day is his play-day, and euery Saints day, hii Sabbath. What hee spends on Christmas day, hee spares on Ashwednesday, and Goodfriday. And this is his generall rule, two fasting dayes, makes the thir a glutton.

The *Chameleon* is in *England* a Familist, at *Amsterdam* a Brownist, further on an anabaptist. He liues by the aire, and there builds Castles and Churches: none on the earth will please him. He would be of the triumphant and glorious Church, but not of the terrene militant Church, which is subiect to styrmes, deformities, and many violences and alterations of time; he must finde out *St. Thomas Mores Utopia*, or rather *Platoes Communarie*, & be an *Elder* there: In this point and in that of resisting ciuill gouernours, he seems the same with the Romish Catholike. But they are tide onely by the tailes, like *Sampsons foxes*, their heads like *Ianus* looke diuers wayes. They are *Boutefewes* & carry betwixt them a fire-brand to inflame all Christendome.

wisdom. They have in the imagination an *Idea* of  
such a Church, and such keyes as the Romanists mad-  
boast they possesse; but they will not haue them the  
one, nor to resemble theirs. Foolish *Alchimisters*  
they are both, seeking a *Philosophers* stone, and neg-  
lecting the true *Elixar*, the *Corner-stone*. They boast  
to build golde on the foundation, when what they  
lube on is adulterate stiffe, laid beside the founda-  
tion. They beggar themselves in seeking for wealth  
abroad, whil'st at home they neglect that *Pearle* of in-  
estimable price, for which the wise Merchant giues al-  
that he is worth. If euer I could heare *Papist* cleare  
the *Pope* from being *Antichrist* and proue he must bee  
the singular person, I would then beleue that hee  
ould not spring from a Jew of the tribe of *Dan*, as  
they fable, but from a promiscuous conjunction be-  
wixt two fugitives, to *Amsterdam*, and *Rome*.

The *Salamander* is the *Atheist*, hee is contrary to  
himselfe, and hatefull to others; he poysons all with  
whom he conuerseth, and knowes some Philosophy  
of *Divinity*. Hee seekes all wisdom in himselfe,  
where the *Tutor* is the *Master foole*; and is so inqui-  
ritive after the cause, that he forgets both the end and  
the causer. His reason is his god, and that being false,  
is not able to direct him to search & see the true God.  
Thus he is drown'd in the sea of his own foolish and  
woondlesse imaginations: and being boone a pretty  
childe, is brought vp for his mothers Cocknie, spends  
his youth like a witie foole, his Manhood like a rea-  
sonable beast, and his age (if iudgement cut him not  
off) like a devill incarnate.

The *Lamprey* is the subtil shotten *Catholike* or  
*Church*.

Lampr  
quasi L  
petra C  
king sh  
Camde  
Worl  
shire.

Church Papist. He coosins the law and his owne son  
too. He is worse to trust then the open and profest  
cusan. He hath no good conscience, for *Conscientia  
scientia cum alia scientia*. No good zeale, for zeale  
*Intentio virtutum theologicarum* ( An opposite to Hypo-  
crosis, with which he clokes himselfe from all pen-  
statutes ). He is neither fish nor flesh; but halfe fish, and  
halfe Serpent, as they say which write of the genera-  
tion of the Lamprey. A man may easily surfe of succ-  
meate, and a State soone indanger it selfe by sufferim  
such to increase. There is no lawe can meete with the-  
fraud. The Church warden is the Coppiholder. The  
Parson is his Chaplaine. These dare not present him  
A fine will vnde the first, and a prohibition begge  
the other: yet these the law presumes must first spea-  
or none. If these do their office, the Ivery are perhapp  
his tenants he is a Justice of peace, a great man their  
neighbour. If they finde him guilty, there are pillars  
in the Exchequier: or if these fail, a friend or kin-  
man in Court makes all sure. These scape thus them-  
selues, and shal stet others in their houses and abroad.  
Because the State through conniuerce accepting a  
weake and imperfect shew of conformitie, giues crea-  
dite to their conversions, and intrusts them in places  
where they may doe much hurt. The goods, leases  
and monies of the meaner and more resolute sort are  
past ouer to these, and passe free vnder their priu-  
ledges and proteccons. The Character to know these  
is this. They come to Church once a moneth, and  
then when Prayers are done and the Psalms sung;  
perhaps at the beginning of the Sermon. They are  
pragmaticall, and haue for the most part travail and  
brought:

ought home ignorance : They are stiffe and inflexi-  
, and call it strength to oppose truth and reason.  
ey extoll forraigne government, and slight all do-  
sticke graces. They magnifie the *Infanta*, the  
rchduke, and *Spinola* ; but vilifie his *Excellence* and  
the *States*. They will dispute scandalls, & what  
may seem scandalous, and that only at tables,  
where if you stop their mouthes with ar-  
gument, they pretend they could say  
more, but that their mouthes are  
stoppt with meat. They trauaile  
still on Sundaies, and  
remoue against  
Easter.

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## *Struthiocamelus*

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## Struthiocamelus.

### DEDICATED

To the vertuous Knight,  
Sir John Heueningham, and his  
charitable Lady.

VVhat on our selues we spend, doth through vs po  
And leaue vs naked, as this Ostrich was:  
This makes you on the poore bestow so much,  
And no expence but owne your selues to grutch.

A Wealthy Marchant late in Barbary,  
Through sandy desarts passing ; chanc't to  
An Ostrich eating iron which he found,  
By Travellers scattered vpon the ground:  
Quoth then this Merchant ; prithee let me know,  
What nourishment, can from those mettals grow?  
The Ostrich answers ; Sir I do not eat  
This iron, as you thinke I do, for meate.  
I only keepe it, lay it vp in store,  
To helpe my needy friends, and friendlesse poore.

I oft

ntæ cali-  
atis est  
uthioca-  
lus quod  
rum de-  
cet, dirigit  
consumit  
d.

sten meete ( as farre and neere I goe )  
ny a fowndred horse that wants a shooe :  
suing a Master that is money-lesse :  
h I relceue and helpe in their distresse.  
ith trauellers I meete that are beset  
theues and robbers often. Then I beget  
selfe among the thickest, and present  
it of my maw a pistoll ready bent,  
word and dagger, or some such like toole,  
help the true man, and the theefe to coole.  
e Merchant mus'de ( as well he might ) at this,  
d thought within himselfe ; this fellow is  
ost fit for my imployment, I will straight  
re him to be my Bailiefe. No deceit  
rkes in his simple shew ; he'le surely keepe,  
plow-yrons, when my lazie hindes do sleepe.  
This to the *Ostrich* motion'd, he agrees,  
e wages are set downe, the vailes, the fees,  
e liuory, with circumstance enough,  
d they come home. And now God speed the plough.  
e *Ostrich* carefully laies vp the rakes,  
e pitch-forke teines, the yron-pointed stakes,  
e wedges, hammer, hatchet, and the nailes,  
e sithe, the fickle, and the biles of pailes,  
e share, the coulter, heele-yorne, and the cocke,  
e whip, the horse-shooe, with the key and locke.  
needs no locke and key to keepe them vnder ,  
t keeps both lock & key, where you wold wonder.  
en comes into the house, puts vp the gun,  
e sword and dagger; and when this is done,  
euoures the dripping-pan, the cob-ions, spit,  
d swallowes all the iron bit by bit.

The

The Merchant prais'd his fortune, that he had  
Got one so good, 'mongst many seruants bad.  
Told him he shortly would his state preferre,  
From being Bailiffe, to be Treasurer ;  
For he could not inuent a surer hold,  
Then th' *Ostrich* had for siluer, or for gold.

And now the Merchant leauing one at home,  
That he may well trust, goes abroad to rome :  
Neglects his house and lands, thinkes all is well,  
And as he wont to doe, doth buy and sell.  
Mongst other things he sold, because the warres  
Began afresh, he truct for yron barres.  
For he was one of those that would for gaine :  
Sell bullets, where they were shot home againe,  
And did our Mines and Woods on Ordnance war  
Which spite of lawes, he to the Enemie past,  
Much yrone he had at home, and sold beside  
All kinde of armour fit for such a tide.  
So home he comes glad of so good a mart,  
For here he knowes the *Ostrich* playes the part  
Of a good Bailiffe. He may easily thriue,  
When such a full winde doth his fortune driue.  
His land he finds vntill'd, he wonders then  
And thinkes the fault rests on his lazy Men.  
They say they wanted yrons for the plough,  
He wonders, for the Bailiffe had enough.  
He findes his house all naked, not a bit  
Of meate prepar'd, the Cooke wants pot, and sp  
He goes to bed, the theeues assault his house :  
He hath no weapon to resist a Mouse.  
He riseth early, lookes for his munition,  
The place remaines, no yron in fruition.

s barres are gone, his houſhould ſtuffe, and all,  
Now to account his Bayliffe he doth call.

The Seruants ioyne in their petition firſt,  
And ſhew their griftes, how hard he was, and curſt,  
Now he kept backe their wages and their meate,  
And gaue them worke, but gaue them not to eate.  
Now he neere hand had made a monſtrous neaſt,  
Here whiſt they faſted, he and his did eaſt.

And thither he conuaide the yron worke  
Here the ſhe *Oſtrich* and his young did lurke;  
He ſwallow'd all: for they haue mawes as large  
Culuerings, which would as ſoone diſcharge  
The yron loade; and ſooner farre would ſpend,  
And bring a world of wealth to lauifh end.

The *Oſtrich* to excuse himſelfe bewraies  
The place where ſafely he this yron layes.  
Carries him to a priuate hole, where ſtill  
Dung'd, when he his maw did ouer-fill.  
Both he if you can good diſtincſion make,  
Each ſeuellall peece you may from hence vptake.

The plow-geares, cart-geares, and the toole for war,  
Its, pots, and cobirons, here together are.

Each wedge, knife, ham'ner, and the ſmalleſt naile,  
A wanne lymbick wife through ſtomacke, guts & taile  
Is a rare chymicall extraction now,  
Better then all the drugs the Mount-bankeſ ſhow.  
Paffeſt our elixar, or the ſtone.

Right for by many, but attaind by none.

Obſtruction of the Liuer, and the ſpleene,  
Opens, mollifies, and purgeth cleane.  
Secret tis aſſured, for madneſſe, folly,  
Wilde iealousie, and cloudy melancholly,

Stercu  
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Mathic  
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catoriu  
Idem N  
thiol.

It cures the Gout, and qualifies the cause,  
Suppling a hide-bound purse like th'oile of lawes :  
It dries vp humours, humours that abound,  
And mans weake body it makes safe and sound.

The merchant stood amaz'd, but at the last,  
He seazde vpon the *Ostrich*, held him fast :  
Made him be tide behinde a horse, and stript,  
(His buttocks bare as now they be) and whipt.  
Ransackt his neast, and brake before his face  
His eggs, though his poore Hen in hope of grace,  
Did sue for their repriuall. But in vaine,  
He lookes to finde his Iron there againe.  
Which missing he proceedes, exiles him quite,  
And then vpon his gate this note doth write.

*Let Rich-men wisely feare,  
All such as feathers weare,  
It's lost what's ere they borrow,  
And soone their maltes goes i thorow :  
The substance they consume  
To nought but smoke and rheume ;  
But th' use they never faile  
To pay with tongue and taile.*

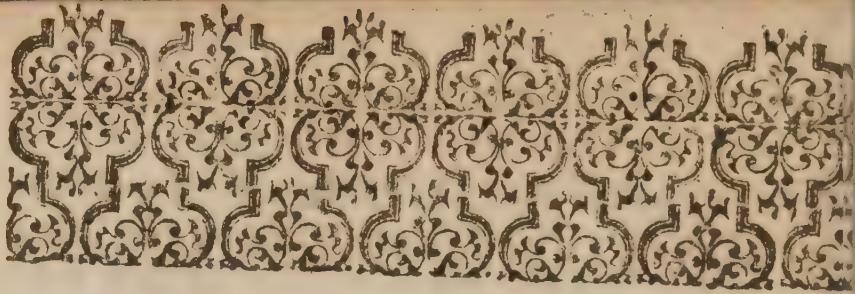
The *Ostrich* euer since his breeches lost,  
Goes like a naked rogue at whipping post.  
He hates a horse to death since he was stript,  
And for his fault, ti'de at his taile and whipt.  
He hides his egges, and couers them from sight,  
Lest man should find & break them. Thus they write.

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hem.

*Epimythium*

## Epimythium.

He *Merchant* figureth Parsimony, the *Ostrich* prodigalitie; what the one gathers, the other spends. Ages, nations, and particular persons haue their alternall variations and vicissitudes, euen in gathering and expence, as in all other passages. There are few scraping fathers, but their children prove witty scatterers, or foolish retainers: experience of any ages scarce produce one contradiction to this generall obseruation. The father vseth no more diligence in damning his soule by getting goods vnlawfully, then the sonne doth in spending them prodigally: Let this therefore learne *Vsurers, Ingrossers, and oppressors* of all professions, (if they loue their wealth, and would not haue it wasted; or loue their children, and would not haue them vndone) to secure their estates rather from their children, then for them. It is not the want, but the enjoying of abundance that vnoes many men. The rich father who dares bestow nothing on himselfe; and the prodigall sonne that spends all on others, and keepes nothing for himselfe, are the miserablest beggers in the world. Others haue witty and prouision to helpe them, these nothing but derision and scorne. No Hospitall will entertaine them; only the father finds roome in Bedlame, and the sonne a hole in the Counter, or a dungeon in Newgate.



## ONOCROTALVS.

DEDICATED  
TO THE RIGHT  
hopefull KNIGHT, Sir  
THOMAS SOVTHVVELL.

YOur name hath long been mist, now fairly riji  
And make your Country flourish. All our eyec  
Are cast upon your actions ; then on vs  
Reflect your loue. Shun Onocrotalus.

W Hilome within the Persian gulfe  
did haunt  
A fowle much like our greedy  
Cormorant,  
Cal'd Onocrotalus, who vsde to prey,  
On fish, or fowle, or beast which past his way.  
He had a crop vnder his bosome wide,  
In compasse like a sacke, and thereto side.

Much

ONOCROTALVS.

ch harme and spoile he did, for none could passe  
t fild his pouch, if bird, beast, fish, it was.  
length th' oppressed birds, with fish, and beast,  
ition to their Soueraignes, and request  
le and protection gainst the open wrong,  
is tyrant daily did, and had done long.  
e beasts vnto the *Lyon* made complaint.  
ds to the *Eagle*. Fishes did acquaint  
e Seas great Emperour the *Whal*. with griefe,  
ey all sustain'd, and all implor'd relieve.  
ng was it ere they could be heard, for still,  
e *Cormorant*, (for so we call him will)  
d many friends in euery Court, which he  
ntainde with large shares, and full liberall fee.  
r still his gorge full laden, ready stood,  
d when they mist else-where they here had food:  
od of each kinde, for every stomachke fit,  
d such as fauorites were, had part of it.  
ng thus he put them off, yet at the last,  
counter-bribes, their weake petitions past.  
The *Eagle* first did seeke him, and he found,  
e theefe where he would wish, vpon the ground,  
uoth he, well met, are you the fowle that prey,  
pon our harinlesse subiects night and day,  
at none can this way passe and vse his trade,  
it is a subiect to your fury made?  
ot I sir (quoth the *Cormorant*) I am one,  
at liue in contemplation all alone.  
his poke I begge with, to sustaine my need,  
ud I no fowle am but a beast indeed.  
uoth then the *Eagle*, wherefore serue thy wing?  
(quoth the *Cormorant*) thou mighty king

ONOCROTALVS.

Of feathered fowles, these two are my forefeet,  
Held vp to honor thee, with reuerence meete.  
And that thou maist be full resolu'd, and know  
That I vnto the *Lyon* duty owe,  
As subiects to their Soueraignes, not to thee,  
Without thou wilst vsurpe authoritie,  
And into other neighbour Realmes incroch  
(Which to thy Iustice were a fowle reproch)  
Heare but my voice. With that he steps aside,  
And in the water thrusts his wezand wide,  
And like an *Asse* gan bray. The *Eagle* straight  
Hearing his voice, suspected no deceit,  
But past away to seeke what now he saw.

When the late noyse he made did thither draw  
The kingly *Lyon*, who did hunt about,  
As th'other did to finde th'oppressor out.  
And when he spide him; What art thou quoth he  
The beast gainst whom so many plaine to me?  
O noble *Lyon*, quoth the *Cormorant*,  
I am a fish, the water still I hant.  
And here I take my food, and lead my life,  
Free from oppression, and each cause of strife.  
Why, quoth the *Lyon*, now I heard thee bray  
Like to an *Asse*. True, True, my Lord ye say,  
(Quoth this smooth hypocrite) for I would faine  
Be like an *Asse*, so innocent and plainc.  
I loue beasts well, and next your excellencie,  
The humble *Asse*, for still his patience.  
And now to put your highnesse out of doubt,  
Behold me swimme and diue, (so launcht he out  
Far from the *Lyon*s reach) If beasts quoth he,  
Can swimme and diue thus, I a beast may be.

ON OCTOBERVS.

ith that he diues, saying, Sir fare you well,  
our faire commends to the King *Whale* I'le tell.  
The *Lyon* parted thence ; the *Whale* that way  
had sought this *Minster* all the line-long day ;  
and seeing such an uncouth thing glide past,  
Within his Kingdome, with such nimble hast ;  
he call'd and bad him stay, and will'd him tell,  
he were *Onocrotalus*, that fell  
and cruell murtherer, who hauecke made  
fall that in that wealthy Rode did trade ?  
mighty *Emperour* (aloud he cri'de)  
hardly scap't eu'en now his cursed pride  
or being by my noble Master sent,  
The *Eagle* King of fowles) you to present  
With birds and other iunkets in my crop,  
He needs would me from your glad presence stop ;  
and but he heard you comming, I surmise,  
His lawlesse force had made me lawfull prize.  
Quoth then the *Whale*, I search to meeete that slauie.  
But what art thou that canst so well behauie,  
Why tayle and nimble fins ? Art not a fish ?  
that I were such (quoth he) it is my wish.  
like thy milder reigne where subiects say,  
For loue, and not for dread, they thee obey.  
And would arm'd in white scales, if I might choose  
Serue thee a fish, and my blacke feathers loose.  
But Nature this forbids ; yet still I striue,  
Euen from my youth, fish-like to swim and diue :  
And vnderstand their language, and conuerse  
With them whose ciuill manners, are lesse fierce  
Then beasts or birds be. For they drinke far more  
And eat much lesse, then we doe on the shore.

This drinking I delight in, and haue tride,  
By all good meanes to make my belly wide.  
Yet see, I am a fowle. So vp he hies,  
And takes his wings with speede, and far thence fies  
The *Whale* then found his cunning and straight sent  
A priuy letter of his close intent,  
Both to the *Eagle* and the *Lyon* stout,  
To meet and ioyne, and finde this Out-law out.

They met, and ioynd, and then this Out-law foun  
Nor in the Sea, nor yet vpon the gound :  
Nor flying in the aire, but in a hold,  
A hollow tree, whose strength made braggard bold..  
They spoke him faire, but he discerned plaine,  
Their drift, and cride: Faire words make Idiots faine  
They threatned him, but threats he doth deride,  
And saith, by threatning words none euer dyde.  
The *Eagle* would haue ventred on his neast,  
But he his bill held right vpon his breast,  
Like a stiffe souldiers pike, sharpe, long, and armd ;  
And no way but right downe he could be harmd.  
The *Lyon* would haue torne with teeth and nailes  
The tree vp by the roote, but wanted sailes  
To swim so farre, for it in waters stood.  
The *Whale* then thought to tosse it in the flood,  
But in a rocke it grew, and growing so,  
He bad them do their worst, he fear'd no foe.  
They faide, they would besiedge and starue him out ;  
He laught amaine, and shew'd how gainst that doubt  
He was provided, hauing store to serue  
So long, till if they staid, they all would starue.  
Then each bethought himselfe of many a wile  
And war-like stratagem, how to beguile

Thi

his politique Rebell, and to force him yield  
or starue within, or venter to the field.

All workes the ayre, the water, or the land  
did ere produce, these Captaines vnderstand:  
nt none found able to enforce his strength:  
he warlike Lyon yet conceiu'd at length  
ow to effect it. Great confederates heare,  
Quoth he) what I propound. There's uought I feare  
ut what I speake of. Once I did rebell  
gainst out Generall Soueraigne Man: to tell  
his fault doth touch my honour, but you all,  
know haue been co-partners in my fall,  
nd his most gracious pardon. Then, O then  
kept within my fort, a hideous den  
aru'd out of rocke it was ; and no way he  
ould force me out, or make assault on me.  
t last with indignation mou'd, he takes  
mighty flint vp, and with hurling, breakes  
ne same against a rocke, which fying sings,  
ad sparkles from the ayre betwixt them springs  
s from a red-hot yron, when a Smith  
ith heauy hammer beats it on a stith.  
ere hand he had before laid leaues with rosse  
om Okes torne with a Northern blast, and mosse  
ride in the parching Sun: and wood which dide  
killing age, and stood my den beside.  
e sparks inflam'd this stiffe, which in the mouth  
f my darke Caue he plac'd : the winde then South  
orc'd in the smoke, and this ayre-thickning smoke  
for'd me thus, either come out or choke.

Hic

## ONOCROTALVS.

The issue you remember: this alone  
Must be our project now; or Art hath none.  
Hie therefore braue-bird brother, quickly take  
Twixt your strong tallents this great flint, and make  
Experience of my plot. Mount with it hie  
And let it fall, that fire may from it flie;  
Which kindled once, fan gently with your wing,  
And cherish with soft breath: then let the king  
Of fishes with his mighty nostrels puffe  
Till it flames fiercely, and burnes hot enough.

This counsell they applaud; but th' *Eagle* thought  
How purer, hotter, flames might soone be sought:  
And vp he nimblly sores the milke-white way,  
Where (being a minion knowne) he findes no stay;  
Each dore flies ope alone, till to the eare  
Of mighty *Ioue* he gets; and let him heare  
His busynesse and his suite, which was for fire  
And thunderbolts; *Ioue* grants his full desire.  
Downe quickly he descends and makes a traine  
About the place where this theefe doth remaine:  
Then powder he applies vnto the root  
Oft' hollow tree, and thence the slauē doth shoot.  
He shoots him thence into the ayre as hye,  
As th' *Eagles* selfe could follow with his eye.  
And downe he comes and doth descend the deep,  
Where the still Centef doth no motion keep.  
Then vp againe aboue the swelling maine,  
He bounds, there floting without sense or paine.  
And ere he can recouer labouring breath,  
That's loth to part, the *Whale* from vnderneath

Th

## ONOCROTALVS.

he traytor doth attach, and straightway brings  
To be arrayn'd before the other Kings.  
Im they examine, but he will confess  
To truth, but what they know as he doth ghesse.  
hen they doe racke him (being rent before)  
Let he no truth, but many a lye doth rore.  
ill with the violent torture and constraint,  
ife almost failing, and with sufferings faint,  
is gorge he vomits and bewraies with paine  
he truth, for which they sought so long in vaine.

And first (preposterously) he casteth out,  
All slimy lubricke meats, *Eele, Gudgeon, Trout* ;  
he *Citie heires, Gilt-head and Golden-eye*,  
elonging to the Sea-kings soueraignty.  
And with this euidence conuict, the tryall  
roceeds to proue him guilty in denyall  
Of farther wrongs done. The *Wood-cocke, Parret,*  
The *Goose, the Dotterell, Jack-daw* prone to parret,  
The *Sea-gull* and the *Cinclos* weake and friendlesse,  
And of poore widdow-*Turtles* numbers endlesse,  
With diuers subiects to the royall *Eagle*,  
He doth as easily voide, as erst inueagle.

Yet still vnto the *Lyon* he denies  
Himselfe a trespasser, but all those lies  
He lately made, and late was taken in,  
Afford presumption of his farther sinne.  
For which againe they racke him one pin higher,  
And then he vters more then they desire.  
A foolish *Cony*, and an innocent *Lambe*,  
A credulous *Calse* new weaned from the dam,  
And yet in wardship ; a ridiculous *Mouse*  
For feare of *Cats* leauing her sheltring house :

And

ONOCROTALVS.

And last of all, (for which the *Lyon* greeued)  
A *Hare*, from execution oft repreueed.  
All these with easie vtterance, doth declare  
That he did fowle, nor beast, nor fishes spare  
But preide on all, and so became a prey  
To the *Eagle*, *Whale*, and *Lyon*, eu'ry way.  
Which prou'de and made by demonstration plaine,  
Beyond the power of impudence to faine :  
He then excepts against th' vndue proceeding,  
They in his apprehension vsde, not heeding  
The law of Nations, but by force constraining  
(Himselfe) an others subiect, remaining  
In peace, and league with them, to be arrayn'd  
Like to a *Traytor*, and with tortures payn'd.  
He saith the place he kept in was without  
Their iurisdiction, and he made no doubt  
To proue it with large priuiledges blessed  
A sanctuarie for the poore distressed.

They slight his cauils ; And the *Whale* demands  
In whose vnowne, strange gouernment it stands  
If not in one of theirs ? For ayre, earth, sea,  
And all they haue (but Man and what Mans be),  
Doe properly belong to one of these,  
Who may dispose of all, as they best please.  
I pray then (quoth the *Cormorant*) relate  
To whose Emperiall crowne, and to whose state,  
My enuy'd neast belongs ? which of you three  
Claime th' interest as Lord by right of fee ?  
For if it proper be to one, the rest  
Haue done much wrong, t' vsurp his interest  
Whose it should be. This question he did make  
Hoping thereby their settled loues to shake

ON CROTALES.

couetous ambition, whilst they all  
ould make their claimes, and so asunder fall.  
t the foreseeing *Eagle* bids him minde  
s owne affaires, and not to thinke t'vnwinde  
e snares true Justice laies about his life,  
t interposing such slight cause of strife  
twixt such firme friends, in strong league combin'd  
d with all strength of entercourse entwinde.  
d yet to satisfie this curious doubt,  
ow (quoth the *Eagle*) that being hem'd about  
ith floting waters, it belongs to him  
ho gouerns all that in the waters swim.  
t as it on the stedfast earth doth stand,  
ongs to him that is the king of land.  
d the large tree which spreads his spacious bowes  
th'open ayre, within my kingdome growes.  
y neast thus longs to all of vs, thy food  
lne from our subiects, in th'ayre, earth, flood:  
d thou thy selfe must needs, if thou beest either  
ast, bird, or fish, be one of ours; if neither,  
what thou art, or whose thou art; for all  
t Man and Monsters in this number fall.  
Then (quoth the *Cormorant*) I doe belong  
to the fearefull *Dragon*, whose blacke tongue  
eats death to each of you, and keeps in awe  
ur humbler spirits, making his will your law,  
is the king of serpents, whose strong breath  
nfounds your strength with all-subduing death.  
rules the vpper region, purging fire  
tich searcheth hell, and doth to heau'n aspire.  
is, this alone it was which I obay'd  
hen that strong law vnto my neast you layd.

Draco  
maxim  
est cui  
rum se  
pentiu  
spelau  
abstra  
tertur  
acrem.

But

ONOCROTALVS.

But you that sprightly power by intrusion  
Falsely vsurpt to my deuout confusion.  
Fire onely to the *Dragon* doth belong ;  
To him, and vnto me, you haue done wrong.  
To him I doe appeale ; and haue resort  
In this great cause to his infallible Court.

This speech inflam'd their hearts with heat & scorne  
To be confronted thus , thus ouerborne  
By a base villaine who did proudly brag on  
The free protection of their foe the *Dragon*.  
So with a full resolute, they all agree  
Each for himselfe and his reweng to bee.  
The *Lyon* takes, feet, head and throat away :  
With those he walk't and like an *Aſſ* did bray.  
The *Eagle* seafeth on his wings and taile,  
With these he bird-like in the ayre did saile.  
The *Whale* his body swallowes at a bit  
Which he vſ de fish-like, diu'd and swam with it.  
Thus Traytor-like hee's quarter'd out and caru'd ;  
Wou'd land and water Pyrats were so seru'd.

*Epimythium.*

The water Pyrat euery one doth know  
They rob our Marchants, and allegiance owe  
To no command ; dutie to none will giue,  
But out-lawes, like the sea wherein they liue.  
Our Pyrats on the land haue sundry kinds,  
And sundry obiects. Our goods, bodies, minds.  
Law-state-Church Pyrats, when no Church, state, la  
Can their irregular liues to fashion draw.

The first pretending gouernment of all,  
nd freeing such as into danger fall ;  
oe kill in curing, and oppresse with easing  
oth the delinquent, and the free displeasing.

The second guard our land from forraigne force,  
hilst they themselues (perhaps) afflict vs worse.  
rangers may not deuoure vs, yet we are  
y peace eat vp, more then we wont by warre.

The third are of two kinds ; our owne and others,  
ho not in doctrine, but in fact are brothers.

Our owne feed few (for the dumb dog still lurches)  
hey'le not teach one, but swallow many Churches :  
hey vnto ignorance our soules betray,  
nd to seducing diuell's giue silent way. (iects,

The other knowes, no king, but knowes their sub-  
nd faines to reconcile, but make them abiects.

o place is priuileg'd, no law, no Nation:  
or all the world his parish is and station.

ome gives him licence, and although he swim  
the whole sea, there is no roome for him.

ecries where s'ere he comes"; Al's mine, giue room ;  
nd if it be oppof de a fatall doom  
ecomes his vsher. Kings must kiffe his foot,  
curses, pistolls, poyson, hell can doo't;  
ut if nor these, nor hell, then *Faux* more skilfull  
will charme the open earth, blow vp the wilfull.  
hese *Cormorants* my bleare-eyde Muse hath spide :  
ut there are many *Cormorants* beside.

If any man seeke a true body for this shadow, let  
m read *Commines* his fourth booke ; where hee shall  
e *Lewis of Luxenburgh* Earle of S. Paul & Constable  
of

of France, playing the right part of *Onocrotalus* with  
*Lewis* the XI. King of France (shadowed by the *Eagle*, because hee ouer-sored the other Princes in wise  
dome and policie, and because that kingdome hath  
been honored with rhe Emperiall crowne and armess  
As also with the King of England *Edward* the fourtt  
shadowed by the *Lyon* (both in regard the *Lyon* is paull  
of the Armes of England, and for that the said King  
was a most valiant Prince, hauing been personally pre-  
sent in nine set battailes, and remaining Conquerour  
in all. And lastly with *Charles* Duke of Burgundie  
shadowed by the *Whale* (both in regard he was strom  
by Sea, as also for that he was terrible and cumber som  
to all his neighbour Princes) If any seeke far-  
ther they seeke without mee, and  
must be their owne  
guides.

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*The A S S E*

---



## The ASSE.

DEDICATED:  
O THE LEARNED  
and iudicious K N I G H T  
Sr. HAMOND LE-STRANGE.

Some beasts are ominous, some birds are so,  
But Massolanus and your selfe say no:  
I slew the Augurs bird, My silly Age.  
Go to a wise-man without perill passe.

pol. V  
lib. I c  
de inu  
ter.

**A**lthough in Italy, in France, and Spaine,  
And all those hotter Regions, there remaine  
Great store of Asses? and with vs but few,  
We some that our late Trauellers do shew.  
And though the Pope and Romane Clergie ride  
euery lowly, patient, humble pride  
On these beasts, or on their bastards rather,  
fits each single, simple, holy father.

Asinus  
animal  
maxim  
frigori  
impati  
Plin, li  
cap. 4.

G

I

I would not haue you thinke my meaning such  
A beast of theirs or of our owne to touch.

The *Asse* I talke of, bred in *Thessaly*  
Came to a country man, a neighbour by  
And made great mone, that euery sauage beast  
In woods and fields, the greatest and the least  
Misus de him, wrongd him, made it all their sport  
To trouble him, who had no remedy for't.  
The Man seemde pitifull, enclind to good,  
And gaue the *Asse* aduice to leue the wood,  
To dwell with him who able was and strong,  
His weake Retainers to protect from wrong.  
True (quoth the *Asse*) your wit, your strength I know  
But how can I deserue the grace and shew?  
What benefit or pleasure whilst I liue  
Can I doe you, who must my liuelyhoood giue?  
Quoth Man, for my protection, and my meat  
You shall affoord me but your dung and sweat,  
Those excrements t' enrich and lust my ground,  
That it with corne and vintage may abound.  
And when I chance to trauell farre and nye,  
You like a friend, shall beare me company.  
The *Asse* was glad the couenants were so good,  
And straight agrees, nor long consulting stood.  
The articles were drawne, read openly,  
Sealed and deliuered interchangable.  
And homethy goe, and long together dwelt  
Without repentance; neither greeuance felt.  
But man in innocence remain'd not long,  
And since is apt to doe all innocence wrong.  
Sure here it fell out so. The crafty Man  
Wo say and vnsay, lye, and cauill can,

## The ASSE.

nt to the Asle, and (all inrag'd) demands?  
y all that while he had not dung'd his lands?  
quoth the *Asse*) such compasse as I yield  
ue with daiely care laid in your field.

(quoth the Man) but that will not suffice  
ung my ground, that plenty may arise;  
lo you vndertooke. Then out of hand  
ou prouide enought to serue my land.

yeeld what you keepe backe good store of sweat  
le giue store of blowes, but not of meat.

*Asse* finds he is wrong'd, but sees not how  
ight himselfe; weake men to stronger bow.  
oes what man commands, and rather more

Man grows rich, and so grows proud, with store.  
a man must trauaile, must his kinsfolke see  
other countrics how they fashion'd be.

*Asse* must goe with him, so twas agreed  
care him company. Well mote they sped,  
Man a saddle sets vpon his backe,  
lter on his head, which wit doth lacke.

at meane you master (quoth the simple *Asse*)  
ewill but make me weary as I passe?

e (quoth the Man) thinke you ile haue my Page,  
suited to the fashions of this age?

ould be sham'd to see you ncere me stand,  
hout a cloake, and bout your neck a band.

d was the silly *Asse*, to heare he stood.

igh in fauour, and doth onward skud

h willing pace, not like a sleepy snaile,

tossing of his cares, winching his taile.

g trauailde they, till to a brook they came,

rein a many siluer fishes swam.

Triafer  
cūm sine  
pus, c. bu  
& casti-  
gatio.  
&c.

Arist. Oe  
conomic  
lib. cap. 9

A bridge was neere, but Man withheld his eye,  
And would not see the bridge, some reason why.  
The *Asse* went through the water: quoth he then,  
All beasts are far more happier than all Men.  
You are by nature safely cloth'd, and arm'd,  
Gainst cold, heat, drought, and wet; we easly harm  
With any small annoyance. You are free,  
And against all these extreames must patient be.  
The *Asse* being prais'd, vpon no ground stood still,  
But must turne backe againe to shew his skill,  
To boast his valour, let his Master know  
All his good parts, and seruices arow.  
Now sir, quoth he, you on my backe I'le beare,  
Safe o're this water. Get vp, nothing feare.  
The Man leapt lightly vp. Dissimulation  
“ Doth neither stirrup need, nor great perswasion.  
The *Asse* doth quickly passe the Riuier. Then  
He stayes, and prayes him light. No, (saith the Ma-  
Proceed vpon your iourney you can beare,  
I dare not light, to fall I stand in feare.  
I'le kneele then (quoth the *Asse*) and down he kneel.  
The Man straight raisde him with his whip and hee  
O Master (quoth the *Asse*) you promisde meat,  
Your couenant giues no liberty to beat.  
Foole (quoth the Man) the word expresly meant,  
Wages for worke implies a punishment  
For sluggishnesse and sloth; make haste away,  
Our businesse and the time permits no stay.  
So on they goe, till th' *Asse* now almost tyred,  
Askt pitty of the Man, and ease desired,  
That he would daigne a little while to light.  
The Man denide it, and then laught out-right.

## The ASSE:

I doubled blowes with whip, with heele, & stasse. Verbet  
yrant (quoth the *Asse*) dost fight and laugh? ab que  
these th'effects of promises and words? peior, c  
his the peace your law, bond, faith, affords? verbera  
p you your couenants thus? O man thinke how cum ira  
u make vs traytors, when you, breake your vow. Com. i.  
ny (quoth the Man) my couenants are vnroke, Arist. l.  
ue performde whatser I wrote or spoke. Metaph.  
ue you meat, my meaning likevvise vvas,  
giue you blovves, if that you plaide the *Asse*.  
as to haue your excrements and sweat.  
Innot haue those but by vvorke and heat,  
erefore I ride you. You were to attend  
all my iourneyes on me like a friend.  
d vvhat is liker to a friend I pray,  
en a mans drudge, that toyles bothnight & day?  
it carries him through thicke and thin vvith paine,  
d a sure stud for all turnes doth remaine?  
quoth the *Asse*) the vworld vvas neuer good,  
ce other on mentall reseruation stood.  
nly vvas to beare you company,  
ne (quoth the Man) to beare, that's carry me.  
damin'd equiuocation, vvho at first,  
oth the poore *Asse*) this double Doctrine nurst?  
Merchant, Tradesman, Lavvyer, nor Diuine,  
ough much frō truth they warp, frō grace decline,  
uld be the authors of this ample euill,  
t truthe professed foe, that iugling devill.  
at Diuell who taught it first, and practiz'd too,  
paridise, vnto our generall woe.  
at Diuell which doth renue in euery age,  
this alone his kingdome and image.

You be  
Gods b  
ing god  
euill.

## The ASSE.

For without this his kingdome would decay,  
And without this his image weare a way.  
This onely murthers truth, opposeth faith,  
Deceiuing, whether true or false it saith.  
If true we dare not trust it fearing ill.  
If false, like truth it looks, and tempts vs will. (p.  
Quoth Man, thou preachest well ; and w ell mig  
Couldst thou speake Latin too, to say a Massie.  
Thy folly was in fault rashly to draw,  
Thy articles without aduice at law.  
There wanted stops, pricks, letters, here and there  
And by your leauue some words the truth to cleere:  
Nay quoth the *Asse*, had euery word, stop, letter,  
Been left vnwritten my estate were better.  
This is the plague, when power expoundeth lawe:  
Not as the truth requires, but as the cause.  
When euery letter may an error breed,  
To helpe the rich, and begger such as need.  
Whentyrants do capitulate and treat  
Not to conclude, but to deceiue and cheat.  
When your false minds are candi'de ore with wo  
As your gay sheathes conceale your bloody swor  
Now (quoth the Man) I thinke that *Balaams Asse*,  
Or golden *Apulys*, thy Tutor was.  
Thou art so eloquent, so learned, witty,  
As if thou hadst been taught in *Athens* Citty.  
In *Athens*? (quoth the *Asse*) now I espie,  
You speake no truth, but when yee thinke to lie.  
I was a Cockny once, of noble blood,  
Traind vp in *Athens* Court, and in the flood  
of pleasure, bathde my youth, (but not in Art,)  
Which causde this transformation, teares, and sma-

## The A S S E.

It went our Master, and was well allowde.  
With many of my kin) in that thicke crowde,  
hen *Philip* did so learnedly dispute,  
d made *Demos benes* with wonder mute.  
was in fauour then, and then did passe,  
r braue and wise, though now I be an *Asse*.  
r no Man ought to iudge by forme, or face,  
fauour, or imployment, or by place,  
hich are the wise and foolish. Dunces oft  
asse by greit doctors. Baboones leap aloft.  
nd they may proue like me, (liue to be swicht,)  
they my fortune meet, to be bewitcht.  
ow I bewitched was, you now shall heare.  
There is no true accomplisht Caualere,  
at hath not trauailde. And the's few of these;  
hich scape bewitching, passing ouer Seas.  
hen I first trauail'd, my braue Spirit did moue,  
attempt great Ladies and to purchace loue.  
purcha'st loue so long, till all I had,  
was purcha'st from me, and my selfe full glad,  
o leauie both Couri and Citie, and to try,  
better Country fortune to espie.  
ith much much toyle, and many courtly shiffts,  
t length I did arriue mongst craggy clifts,  
nd barraine rock's, t'a smoaky house which stood  
lone, besides a fearefull desart wood.  
here with a wither'd witch I long time staid,  
Bel-dame that had been *Medeaes* maid.  
return'd me to an *Asse* that very day,  
h'Odcombian wit, did odly scape away,  
le may his good shooes praise, pray for his heeles,  
y those he scap't. And yet I feare he feeles,

## The ASSE.

His braine, was turning, if he euer passe  
That way againe, he will turne perfect *Asse*.  
And so will many more as well as I,  
Except they stop their eares, as they passe by.  
No (quoth the Man) this is a pretty fable,  
Fitting the end, so neere vnto the stable.  
Ile now alight, we two are perfect friends,  
My iourney and thy tale together ends.  
So they went in to rest, but euer since,  
The Man mounts on the *Asse*, although he wince.  
There is no remedy, and he must obey,  
That's sadled, bridell'd, and bound euery way.  
He might haue look'd before he made his match:  
Now ti's too late, when time was past to watch.  
Yet euer since he letters hates and learning,  
When ther's no fault in them, but his discerning.  
He shunneth water too, all that he can,  
The cause which made him first a slave to Man.

tran-  
pedes  
figere  
an  
t Ari.  
Ani-

## Epimythism.

We must learne from hence these lessons.

1.8.13.

1. First to beware with whome wee deale: for hee be stronger either in person, or by friends, w  
shall become his prey: if hee be richer, hie gold w  
weigh dow one siluer: if he be more eloquent, l  
lies will be beleeneed before our truths: if hee bee t  
Judge, he will giue sentence according to his honor.

at least according to his owne profit. This is scene y generall experience, and especially in that man of inne, who pretends to Judge of all controuersies, and expounder of all doubts; determines the darkest hings to be cleere in his owne behalfe; and the most leere and pregnant proofes brought against him, to be darke and obscure.

2. Secondly, we must beware of whom wee take counsell; they may be our enemies to morrow, that are our friends to day; we often shew our euidences so such, who for a larger free giuen by our aduersaries, know how to betray vs, and open a gap for the ouer-hrow of our cause.

3. Thirdly, to whom we flee for protection from wrongs, lest shunning the *Buzzard*, wee become a prey of the *Sparhauke*. Many poore men are swallowed in this pit-fall: we make lawes to tye our owne winges. So much of euery act is taken as will serue forisme-twigs to take vs; the rest which should reforme, lies vse lesse. We receiue strength into a towne, which beeing once in possession, hold for themselues, and plague vs worse the then enemies would haue done. So the *Britaines* (our fellowes) call'd in the *Saxons* (our fathers) and all histories are full of like examples. *Wesel* might the last yeere haue looked into this glasse, now it is too late. The hand which holdes it, hath practised the Falconers first prouerbe in many places before. It knowes how to holde fast: and knowes no other honour, but profit. But *Callis* was wiser, who would rather yeeld it selfe to the *Archduke* then

## The ASSE:

Then expect profferd deliurance by vs. The French durst not let vs haue footing againe in *France*, we had taught them too well before how hardly we are in-treated to let goe our hold in so good a Countrey. Let this then teach vs to beware.

4. Fourthly, let vs take heede to whom wee giue And what we giue. A talent is too much for a *Cynicke* to receiue; a groat too little for a King to giue: discretion must guide liberality. Many bounties haue miscarried, and been lost, vndoing both the giuer and receiuer, whil'st they were not proportioned according to the worth and respect of both parties. Our age may looke in this glasse. Who giues some the first peny, giues him earnest mony to begge still, encouraging rather then releeuing. Giue such the whip. We often giue presents to our betters, & they expect thee custome still: power demands that of duty, which was first granted by way of beneuolence.

Lastly let vs beware what we receiue from others and what we put on. It may be a saddle, which wee thinke an ornament, and a bridle which we thinke a grace. Diuers forraigne ouertures shew this, and at home the inuestitures of *Ireland*, made by the *Pope* to *Henry* the second whereby that Sea challengeth righ in *Ireland*. All other titles and prerogatiues which come from thence, are of this nature; and were sent to this end, to be witnesses of their interest. Doubtlesse the *Diuell* pretends thus to bee author of our knowledge; & saith but for him we had neuer knowne good and euill asunder. Our lawes and priuiledges written in the *Normane* tongue, are evidences to prooue our subiection to *William of Normandy*; as

## The ASSE.

the vniuersall speech of the Latin proued the worlds  
slauery to *Rome*, though none were thought free men;  
and braue fellowes, but such slaues as spake that  
tongue; the rest *Barbarians*. Merchants will trust vs  
to draw vs into their book es; they bridle and saddle  
vs with gay clothes, (like foot-clothes to *Asses*;) then  
they girt vs vp sure, and mount our backs, whil'st  
we can walke free in no ground, not in the streets.

Our stable is the Counter, where we are made.

right *Asses*: Hither many Courtly Gal-

lants make hast to come, and to

stand at liuery in the

**H O L E.**

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## CVRIA LE.

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## CVRIALE.

DEDICATED  
TO the good acceptance of  
Master FLYODE, Admirall to  
the Queenes Maiesie, and  
of her Counsell.

The Court from Flies and fleas you cannot free,  
Whilst such sweet meates, good fires, soft beds there be:  
Yet guard your eyes and eares well, for we know,  
Princes both heare and see by such as you.

The Flie and Flea hauing in Court got place,  
Saw all such Courtiers as were chiefe in grace.  
Still present with the King: how in his eare  
For being busie, some rewarded were:  
Others they saw get wealth with standing nie:  
But none did thriue that were not in his Eye.  
They thought since these alone grew rich and braue,  
They would as nimblly too themselues behaue.

Thatt

hat they were black could be no hindrance thought,  
or many blacke gownes their preferment sought.  
But their ambition reacht t' ingrosse all grace,  
And shoulder others from so wiþt a place.  
And thus resolu'd, the *Flea* leapes vp aloft,  
And in the Kings eare falls with footing soft.  
The foolish *Flie* did mount with speedy wing  
Betwixt the Eye-lids of th'amazed King;  
Who with his nimble hand did apprehend  
The rusticke Courtiers, and their hopes soon end.  
Quoth he, Ye saucy Traytors, Dare ye thus  
Presume our presence neuer cald by vs?  
Or being come, Is there no other place  
In all our Court to please you, but our face?  
And in our face no roome can you espie,  
But our reserued eare? our tender eye?  
In all my kingdomes you might freely range,  
And varied pleasures euery minute change  
Without my perturbation: only heere  
Your boldnesse you shall both with life buy deere.  
And though the *Eagle* takes no *Fleas* nor *Flyes*  
Yet for presumption both by th'*Eagle* dyes.

### Epimythium.

**T**HIS tells inferiours that they must not aspire too <sup>high</sup> <sub>farre</sub>. All persons are not fit for all places: fooles mistake, and ouer-doe; wise-men warme themselues at the fire, where children burne their fingers: many seeking to be in grace, disgrace themselues. None was thought fitter to bee <sup>Emperour</sup> <sub>Emperour</sub> then *Galba*, till being made Emperour <sup>he</sup>

he prooued himselfe vnsit. Or age hath seene many of these *Babels*, whose ruines seeme greater farre off then at hand. In a darke night each *Meteor*, each *Ignis fatuus* seemes a Sunne ; but the day, comming neere the Sunne, they cannot bee seene. There bee many of these, who if they had not attained preferment, would haue thought themselues wronged, and the world would haue thought them vnfotuniate ; as if enuy had crost honour from beholding them with equiuivalence : when now hauing attained what their ambitions desire, they see their owne insufficiencies, and the world judging them vnworthy of such eminence, say they serue for nothing but to keepe out better Men. Their high flight rather helpt by the winds strength, (by fauour and grace) then by their owne wings (verteue and true worth,) serues onely to shew the world its owne blindnesse, and their weake-nesse ; for being aloft in the top and pride of their pitch, they make many plaines, and dare not come freely at all occasions ; but they soone stoop to the lure of the dead quarry, hauing good stomackes, but bad hearts ; what they speake, what they doe, as not out of their owne strength and sufficiency, but from others direction. They are french souldiers and Statesmen; their horses, their seruants must be Knighted, for these did the seruice; It was not the Rider, his care was only to keepe the saddle warme and to sit sure.

Againe, it tells Superiours that the poorest and most despised creatures may annoy them. Lice pre-sume into *Pharaobs* bed-chamer, in spite of the Guard, the Vshers, and Pensioners, the Squires of the body

ody, the Gentleman, and the Groomes; where none  
urst come before but Minions and Fauorits. Wormes  
raule into *Herods* wombe, euen then when his flatte-  
rs and all the people crie out, *vox Dei & non homi-  
nis*. *Act* *Hee spake well but he did nothing: he vsed elo-  
quence and learning to his owne glory not to Gods:*  
*God therefore shew'd him that he was a worme and*  
*no man, who a little before did both in place and*  
*oice shew himselfe like a god. A flie skips into Pope*  
**alexanders* cup and into his throat and kils him, who*  
*little before chalenged to haue the keyes of life and*  
*death in his hands, and with his cup of abominations*  
*poysoned not only the poore flies (the subiects) but*  
*the *Eagles* (the kings) of the earth. *Despise not there-  
Reu  
Iud  
ore little ones. Remember how *Sisera* and *Abimelech* 4.17  
all by the hand of women. And *Sigebert* king of the 53.  
West-saxons was slaine by a swine-heard of *Combra-  
Gra*  
*us*, euen in that place where *Sigebert* had slaine *Com-  
anus* before, for the good and wholsome counsell he  
ue the vnthankfull King.**

*SOLA-*



## SOLARJVM.

---

### DEDICATED.

To the absolute and open enemie  
of Fynorance and Darknesse,  
and the true Louers and Followers  
of Light and Knowledge, S. Iohn  
Crofts and his happy L A D Y.

The Clock that chim'de your praise, went right for sin  
The Diall rulde his tongue the Sunne his Will.  
And as these led him right, you follow may,  
To heauenly glory, through the Milk-white-way.

---

In some part of the World, I know not where,  
But sure S. Thomas Mandevile was there.  
Betwixt a Clocke and a Sunne-dyall fell  
A difference which I with sorrow tell.  
With sorrow, for this error calls to minde  
Th' vncertainty, which we in Story finde;

When

SOLARIV M.

Wher computations crosse, and make vs doubt  
Of what we all seeke, cannot one finde out.  
How to agree, and reconcile th' obscure,  
he fabulous, and certaine *Age* of our.  
he Age obscure; is that before the Floud:  
he Fabulous, on fained Wonders stood  
he race of gods; on golden Legends told,  
Wher for sad truths, mad fictions were enrold.  
his latter Age more plaine and cleere, we call  
he certaine Age, or th' Age *Historicall*.  
ethoures, and dayes, and yeeres haue sure been lost  
some of these, which our accounts haue crost.  
nd so they easily might, when from the Sunne  
b lying Clocks for our accounts we rumne.  
This tale makes all apparant, or at least,  
akes probable, what some haue thought a ieast.  
ithin a Churchyard once a Dyall stood  
pon a square hewne Marble, which the Flood  
vaine with enuious waues had often sought  
o spoile, when it the whole world vnder brought:  
at *Seth's* wise sonnes had fastned it so sure,  
could all stormes, and stresse of times endiure.  
nd thercon they had caru'd the Art, and lore  
hey learned of their Grandsire long before.  
Upon a *Church* or steeples side neere hand  
goodly Clocke of curious worke did stand;  
hich ouer paysde with lead or out of frame,  
id time miscall, and euery houre misname.  
he Dyall hearing this, aloud gan cry  
nde neighbour *Clocke* your glib tongue tells a lye.  
reforme your error, for my *Gnomon* faith  
ou gad too fast, and misse an houres faith.

H

Foole

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SOLARIE M.  
Foole (quoth the Clocke) reforme thy selfe by me,  
The fault may rather in thy *Gnomon* be.

Had'st thou tould euer truth, to what end then  
Was I plac'de here, by th' art of cunning Men?

The weather-Cocke vpon the steeple standing  
And with his sharpe eye all about commanding,  
Heard their contention, wil'd them to appeale  
To him the Chiefe of all that Common-weale.

Told them that he was set to *Ouersee*

And to appease, to guide and to agree

All diff'rence in that place ; and whatso'ere  
He setteth downe from *Justice* cannot erre.

For from the winde he information takes

Which searcheth through the world, & swiftly makes

A true suruay of euery proofe and cause,

And doth of *Reason* know the ground, and lawes.

He bids them boldly speake, and bring their pleas,

And hee'le define th' infallible truth with ease.

The *Dial* then beginnes. The globe-like world  
From Center to Circumference being whorl'd  
In neuer-resting motion, maketh time  
In sundry revolutions fall and clime.

This Time the measure of all mutable things

Comes with lead-heeles, flies hence with fiery wings

Sleepes with two eyes, hath two eyes euer waking,

Twixt minuts, hours, daies, nights, distinction making

And though the diff'rence and degrees of change,

In seuerall yeares, be wonderfull and strange ;

Some by the Moone, some reckoning by the Sunne,

And some the great yeare, whē th'heauens hauing rui

Their compleat course, doe to that point arriue

Whence the first mouer, them did motion giue ;

Yee

SOLARIVM.

er the most generall certaine count of all  
 measur'd by the Sunne, whose rise and fall  
 makes day, and night, and noone, and midnight too,  
 Spring, Summer, Winter, Autumne, and the two  
*asticium*s, *Equinoctials*, and the houres  
 now naked, and then deck't in gaudy flowers.  
 his *Adam* to his *Grandsons* hauing told,  
 With other Arts, and wonders manifold,  
 how all the world both fire and flood should try ;  
 they plac'd me here, to tell posterity  
 such hidden mysteries ; And to direct  
 the wiser *Soules* deep-diuing intellect.  
 bout me they haue grau'd seauen liberall Arts,  
 the *Sciences*, with their diuiner parts,  
 circle and a *Guomon* set aboue  
 With Characters ; which as the Sunne doth moue  
 his ascent, or low declension, tells  
 the certaine houre, degree, and all things else.  
 but for my speech was slow, and cause the Sunne  
 did often vnder clouds for pleasure runne,  
 exceeding ages did this *Clocke* out finde  
 attend on me, and to declare my minde,  
 to me intelligence and rules to gather  
 to measure night, close stormes, and cloudy weather :  
 and in the Morne, finding his reckoning wrong,  
 by my straight rule, to tune and set his song.  
 at this forgetfull *Clocke* at randome strikes,  
 or as I bid, but fondly what it likes :  
 ob's short-liu'de Man of his most precious time,  
 and orderlesse, doth others orders chime.  
 will not follow me, but wanting wit,  
 Would haue the *Sunne* and *Me* to waite on it.

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SOLARIVM.

This matter so apparant, though I might  
Wild Weather-Cocke, except against your right  
To iudge, and thinke you partall at the least,  
Since you o're-cloude me when the Sun comes West  
And will take part with it, that's in the name,  
In nature, and in sight, almost the same  
With you; yet know I'le not refuse  
Thy censure, but high place with honour vse.

Thus did the *Dyal* end, and then the *Clocke*  
mer. Low-louting to the powder Weather-Cocke,  
Began his plea. Thou mighty Soueraigne  
VV which doest the vniuersall Judge remaine  
In all those places, where thy pearcing eye  
Can see, or my shrill voice be heard to cry.  
Behold this impudent, pōore, neglected post  
How it gainst me, and gainst thy state doth bost  
Embasing thy great worth, neglecting mine;  
As if the glorious Sunne did neuer shine;  
Nor his sweet influence on vs let fall,  
But that the *Dial* had ingrost vp all.  
VVhen all the world knowes thou wer't placed ther  
The sleepy *Hinde* vp to his worke to rearé,  
To call the *Scholler* to his booke, and wake  
The *Theefe* which at thy shrill voice gins to shake,  
Thou art the cheerefull dayes *Embassador*,  
In whose praise once these lines composed were.

*A crowned King, a compleat Knight,*  
*An armed Captaine, fit to fight,*  
*A plumed Courtier, fairely clad,*  
*A loner that was never sad,*  
*A Trumpetter, the house-wifes Mate,*  
*Whoriseth early, sleepeth late,*

SOLARIVM.

A Querister, the poore mans Clocke,  
All this is our great Weather-Cocke.

This sacred *Antheme* all the world doth sing !  
So thee the Suns bird, who doth tidings bring,  
Of his approch and rising : as for me  
I heere was seated, next thee in degree  
To giue thee ease, to tell the wondring people  
What thou discouer'st from that loftie steeple,  
The whil'st thou keep'st thy voice from *Iubiles*,  
And art for silence honour'd with large fees.  
The *Dial* is my ward, first placed there  
That *Common Persons* who presume not neere  
Thy hallow'd throne, may haue intelligence  
And learne from me the close and hidden fense  
Of all those Characters, and not expound  
As list themselues, darke riddles, so profound :  
Nor contradict, nor yet correct by force,  
According to the *Gnomon*, my true course ;  
But the false *Gnomon* rather to correct  
By my aduice, whose way is still direct.  
Who knowes not, that the Sun in his round race,  
Many degres is gone from his first place,  
And like a drunkard recling to and fro,  
With giddy steps doth shift his circle so ;  
That where he was euen now, he comes no more,  
His course is all confusde, behin'ds before ?  
Needs must the *Dial* then deceiued be,  
Which trusts a Guide that doth so disagree  
Within it selfe, and without iudgement shines  
Alike on all, making of fooles Diuines.  
And teaching Fishermen to see as farre,  
As learned Shepheards, without other starre.

## SOLARIVM.

Too common in this Guide, to guide aright ;  
Or if he could, where is the Guide for night ?  
I then am present still at euery neede  
Poore erring man, in ignorant night to leade.  
Then why should this bold *Dial*, dare to speake  
Against my greatnessse, or the orders breake  
Of custome and consent ? since all make choice  
To feede, fast, pray, or play, led by my voice ?  
And that all bargaines made, all wagers laide,  
Not by the *Dial* but the *Clocke* are paide ?  
Which truth, whilst all the world dare neuer doubt,  
This *Dial* seemes to question, and (growne stout)  
Excepts against thy iudgement too, that thus  
He might be free and seeme to gouerne vs.  
But since our causes are so neere of kinne,  
Let that respect some grace and fauour winne  
With thy high holinesse, that thou maist see  
To giue iust sentence for your selfe and me.

The weather-Cocke thrice turn'd himselfe about  
As taking care to minde the matter out ;  
And thrice return'd, as if he were as free  
From preiudice, as from integritie. (showes  
Then thrice hee claps his wings (which courage  
And thrice aloude his senslesse sentence crowes.

To giue a reason, wherefore, how, and what,  
When, where, by whom, or fondly this or that,  
Might argue reference to higher power ;  
But what is he whose place doth equall our ?  
We are the rule of reason, truths cleare law.  
Heare then with reuerence, and obey with awe.  
Without more question, argument, or triall,  
The iudgement I pronounce against the *Dial*.

Th

## SOLARIVM.

The *Dial* shall be guided by the *Clock*.

This is the sentence of the weather-*Cock*.

Which when the *Clock* had heard (puff'd up with pride)  
He ginnes the wronged *Dial* to deride;

And sits his tongue at large, too much, too soone;

Twelu times he fetch'd his breath, & laugh'd out none.

The *Dial* then with indignation moued

By this inuectiue speech their fault reprooved.

Poore silly *Clock* (quoth he) reioyce thy fill,

Time will reforme thy ignorant zeale with skill,

Stay thy distempered course, which hurried now,

By mad-braind humor, goes it knowes not how.

Time that's my pupill, shall thy Tutor be,

And teach a diff'rence twixt thy selfe and me;

Then thou wilt know thy error, and recant

That euer thou wert proud of so much want,

But as for thee (thou iudge corrupt and base,

Who bindst all knowledge Prentise to thy place)

Know this, th' all-seeing Sunne thy folly knowes,

And to each vulgar ey thy shaddow showes,

That they may plainly see how poore thou art

Thy head deform'd, defectiue euery part.

And that those high prerogatiues of state

You challenge proper to your selfe, are late

Vpst art intrusions, vsurpations new;

Forg'd by the force or flattery of some few.

The promise which you boast, to haue the winde

Blow where you list, and alter when you minde,

Is false, and foolish; but 'twas promisde still

To blow and guide you right, if that you will.

And so it doth, so it doth others too,

If they consent, not whether they will or no.

SOLARIVM.

For when they would the point and quarter know  
Where it doth breath, on me they looke; I shew  
The truth to them and thee, if you looke right,  
If not, you are misled by your owne sight.  
But how canst thou others from error keepe  
When as thy selfe foulded in error deepe,  
Shunst reformation, and wilt neither minde,  
My graue directions, nor the powerfull wind?

I can remember, long before thou Wert  
When wise *Alcedo* stood where as thou art.  
He calm'd all stormes, and pacified the wind  
To patient sufferance, bent his humble minde.  
He to the fisher, and the *Seaman* gaue  
Directions, how their storme-tost *barke* to saue.  
When by the *Lee-shore*, when to lanch the *Maine*,  
And when to lie at *Hull*, whent to remaine  
In harbour Anchor-fast, and when to saile  
With a full winde, and when againe to vaile:  
How, where and when, to cast their nets, and lay  
Their hidden hookes, where all the skull do play,  
Some of each kinde, yet at each corner stand,  
Who still loue truth; in spite of thy command:  
Their heads look south, because the wind blows there  
Thy taile stands south, thy head the winde doth feare.  
Ill might he fare that in *Alcedos* place,  
Sethee, who springest from a bloudy race.  
His error, and thy pedigree behold  
As it in ancient story is inrould.

A trayt'rous *Slane*, his *Master* hauing slaine  
Did sole Commander of the world remaine.  
But whilst he slept; a chickin of that *Cocke*  
Which *Cephas* check't when he denyde the rocke,

And

## SOLARIVM.

and forc't him to repent, to sigh, and weep,  
id with his voyce the murtherer wake from sleep,  
nd would not suffer him to rest in sin,  
ut he would rouse his conscience still within.  
his *Murtherer*, a Cocke of kinde did get,  
nd him to kill this kinder Cocke did set,  
Who soone perform'd the taske he tooke in hand :  
or *Chauntecleer* would suffer, not withstand.  
e watchfull was and tended his vocation,  
stirre vp others to their occupation :  
e lou'd the pearle more then the barley corne ;  
o crow, and not to quarrell he was borne.  
e was slaine, and slaine by one of those  
om whence thy proud succession strangely rose  
Who hight *Alestrion*, and while-ere had bin  
he *Pandor* ynto *Mars* and *Venus* sin,  
nd then (being Captaine of great *Mars* his guard),  
ood *Sentinel*, and kept both watch and ward,  
or feare that *Phœbus* all discouering eye,  
ould them vnwares at their stolne pleasure spie.  
ut ouert' ane with sleep, he did not wake  
ll *Vulcans* net did both the lechers take ;  
or which the angry *God* (inrag'd and mad)  
is sleeping souldier, all in feathers clad,  
is sword turn'd spurres, himselfe a *Cocke* of kinde,  
is armes and body changde, but not his minde ;  
hat's bloody still, and too far prone to fight  
Without respect of persons, cause, or right.  
se would he ne're haue been so mad to kill,  
harmelcs *Cocke*, who had no thought of ill.

Luci.

But

## SOLARIVM.

But him he falsely slew, and hauing flaine  
Did for this murther, of a murtherer gaine  
Too great preferment, to be set vp heere  
In t iumph t ouersee all, farre and neere ;  
To be ador'de with vniuersall praise  
And triple crownd with *Oline, Oake and Bayes.*

Him thou succeed'st both in thy minde and place ;  
An armed Champion, of that yron race,  
A Souldier, none of his whose badge thou bear'st ;  
But rather one of his whose crowne thou wear'st ;  
Thy narrow heeles are sharpe, thy tongue is short :  
To prey, and not to prayer fit t' exhort.

Thou wilt not crow to rouse the world from sleep ,  
But with thy silent charmes, it drunken keepe.

When thou most seruant-like thy head dost beare  
Downe to the ground, then *Cockes* their crownes in  
Thou seek'st a fained quarrell then to pick, (fear  
And wilt with both wings mount , with both heel  
At euery feather come, stab either spur stric  
Vp to the hilts ; and furiously bestur  
Thy ready parts, t' attaine thy bloody end ,  
And all the world to thy owne scope to bend.

Thou trumpet'st warres and curses ouer all ,  
And ouer-c: owes, but wilt not crow to call  
Thy selfe and others of thy ranke, and place ,

From looking on the Earth, to view the face  
Of the all-searching *Sunne*, and by his light  
To measure truly what is wrong and right.

The *Cock* is kil'd that *Peter* caus'd to weepe ,  
The *Petrean Pastor* now may safely sleep .

Sleep

SOLARIVM.

epe though he hath deni'd his master too ;  
r none t' admonish him hath ought to doo.

auen awake, behold how I deride

y mutabilitie, thy sloth, thy pride, world, Diabol

ou stand'st where he stood who claim'd all the stetit

nd shalt with him from that steep heigh be hurl'd. per pi

out thy head each prating bird that perks, Temp.

tre take the name and place of learned Clerks, Math.

d vnto royall Eagles offer lawes,

When each eye sees, they are but iangling dawes.

nd though all Lyons in the desart feare,

nd crouch, when they thy crowing voice do heare :

ur Lyon scornes thee, when he heares thee crow ;

ad with his oaring voice the world doth show,

ow poore thou art, how cowardly, how weake,

ho shak'st & tréblest when thou hear'st him speak.]

nd yet how proud art thou, t' vsurpe a place

of iudgement ouer me, in this darke case,

nd to prefer the Clock for want of wit,

When I should be the iudge of thee and it ?

The Sexton comes, hee'le mend all this anone.

With that the angry Clocke in rage strooke one. —

The Sexton came indeed, and one did tell,

ook't on the Diall, saw all was not well.

or that said twelue, the Clock said one and past.

He tooke the weights off, which caus'd too much hast,

truaide the wheeles, for there the fault might be,

nd found some cog supply the place of three.

ome wheeles were taken off, and borne to Court,

trundle vp and downe, and there make sport.

nd some with dust, and rust, were duld and foild,

nd soime stood vselesle, so the Clocke was spoild.

V Which

SOLARIVM.

Which to reforme, he mends the wheels forthw.  
Files,oyles, and beats them throughly on a stith :  
Makes weights and wyere fit, then by the Sunne  
Sets the new course, which it doth truly runne.  
Then going vp the steeples top he spies  
The weather-cocke how palpably it lies.  
For at each Corner the Kings-fishers stood,  
Full South ; and that the *Dial* prooued good.  
But the fond *Weather-cocke* (being weather-wise)  
From the *Calme* blast turn'd his scornefull eyes.  
The *Sexton* tooke him downe, and straight did see  
An easie way how he might mended be,  
His head was too too great, with 3. combes crowne  
Which euer when the wind blew turn'd him round..  
His taile was too too weake, when euery feather  
Was bent with storms, and broken with the weath:  
The *Sexton* cut his crownes, and gaue more saile  
With them and with the spurs vnto his tayle  
So humbled now in habite, looke and minde,  
He waites with due obedience on the winde :  
Knowes his high place was not to rule, but serue,  
And means no more from this strict course to swer.

This tale no mortall needs, it is not darke,  
But points a worke fit for our learned *Clarke*  
Who by the *Dyal* may reforme the *Clocke*,  
And by kings fishers turne the *Weather-cocke*..  
We haue the winde to helpe vs and the Sunne,  
And works are halfe accomplisht when begun.  
Then who'le begin? who is on our side, who?  
Where words, winde, writings faile, resolute to Dye

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I h

SOLARIVM.

I had thought this Tale should haue needed no other  
ngue then its owne to bee rightly vnderstood. But  
cause I see it too misty for some apprehensions,  
hose wills are as desirous as others to know truth,  
haue added this by way of illustration to enlighten  
th as accept well of my good meaning, which is to  
forme others according to that which I haue recei-  
d, and to be reformed where I erre my selfe.

1. First the teaching part of the militant Church,  
which consists of the Clergie, I haue vayled vnder the  
*Clocke*.. The wheeles are the distinct degrees and of-  
fes they enjoy of superioritie, and inferioritie;  
herein the *Harmonie* of the whole consisteth. The  
ights are the priuiledges, immunitiess, prerogatiues  
and donations of seuerall kinds, bestowed vpon the  
hurch in seuerall ages, by good Kings, liberall pro-  
fessors and benefactors. The chalienge the *Clocke*  
comes to make heere to rule the *Dyal*, resembleth  
the controuerzie the Church of *Rome* raiseth in the  
utholick Church about the exposition, the restray-  
ng or publishing of the Scriptures.

2. The *Dyal* is the written word, which is of it selfe  
ad and vnprofitable, without farther illumination.  
since none of the *Philosophers*, nor *Salomon* himselfe  
the meere Strength of Nature, could from thence  
aw sauing knowledge, without sauing grace. But  
the *Dyal* hath reference to the *Sunne*; so hath this  
the *Sonne* of righteousnesse. Neither am I without  
arrant for vsing this bold Allegorie, since the sweet *Psal.*  
*Songer of Israel* compares the same word to a lanterne,  
and the spirit to a light, when he saith elegantly, and  
ke a Diuine POET, *Thy word is a lancerne unto my  
path, and a light unto my path.* Now

Now as it is absurd that the *Dyal* should bee set by the vncertaine gadding of the *Clock* : So is it more absurd that the *Clergy* should so iudge of the *Scriptures*, as to conclude or teach any thing by what pretence soever against it, or to vouch vnwritten veritie (as some call them) or traditions contradictorie unto the written word. But much rather as the *Clock* ought to be set by the *Dyal*; so ought the *Church* in subiect it selfe to bee directed by the *Scriptures*, and to prooue and examine it selfe by the same rule, whether it be in the faith or no. And finding it selfe in the right, it ought by manifest proofes and argument from thence to shew forth the same faith to others.

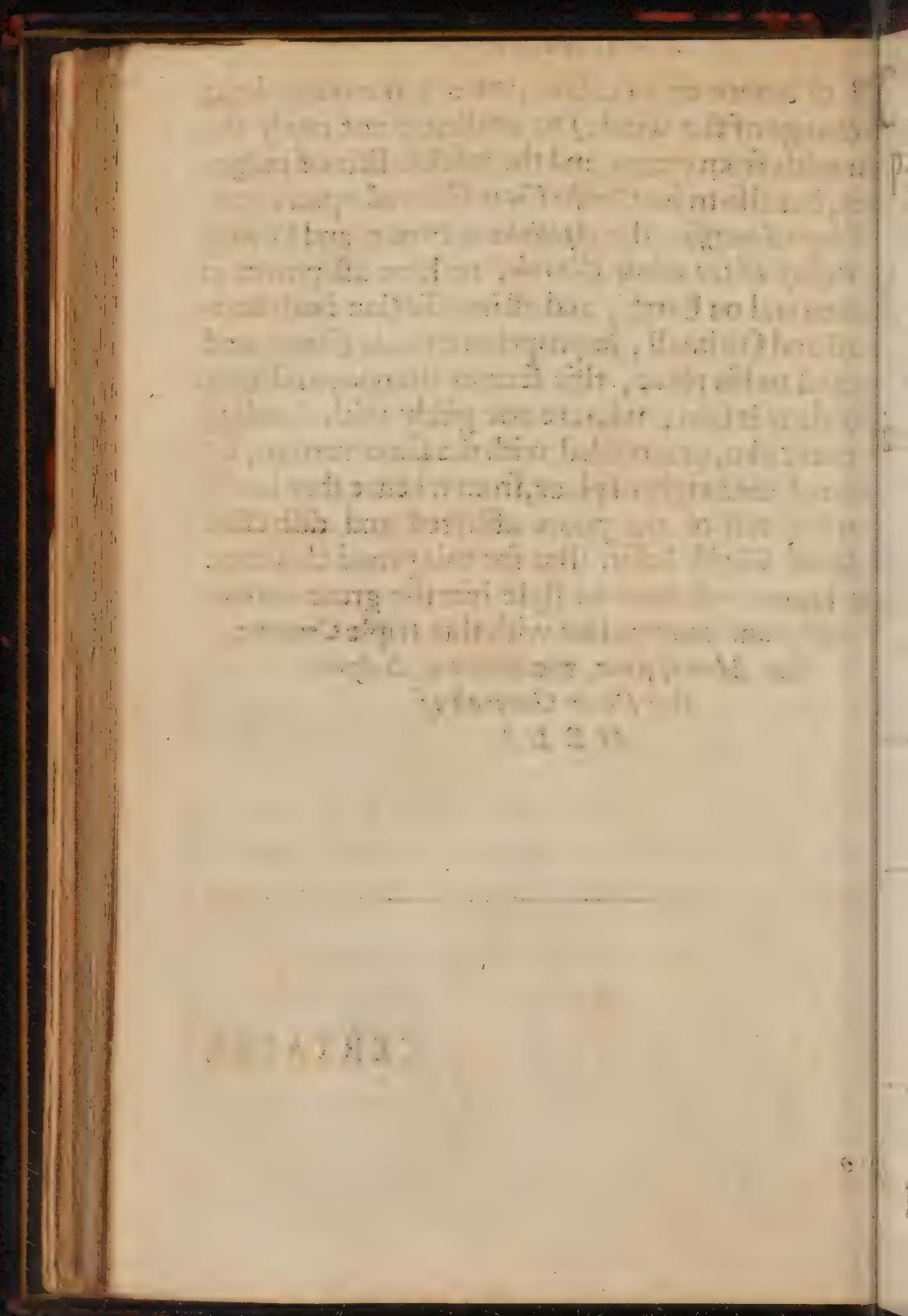
3. Thirdly, the *Weather-cocke* who interposeth himselfe as iudge in this controuersie betweene the *Dyal* and the *Clocke*, is that *Pope of Rome*, who charlengtheth the same prerogatiue *in re divino*, ouer the *Church* and *Scriptures*. How falsely he doth this, and yet how impudently, is well knowne to all.

For I know not what the *Pope* hath more to doe with the rule of the *Catholique Church*, then the *Weather-cocke* (because he stands vpon the top of the steape) hath to doe with the gouernment of the *Clocke* and *Dyal*. I haue heard and read the reasons vpon which the contrary opinion is grounded, but for my owne part can see no strength in them able to turne any but *Weather-cocks*. The prioritie of place, the whole *Church* perhaps would bee content to yeel him for the generall peace, and to expresse the trumilitie of holy *Pastors*, who follow the example and doctrine of their master *Christ*. But for him (that turnes and returnes as vncertainely with euery

it of humor or occasion, as any *Weathercocke* at  
change of the winde) to challenge not onely the  
nunitie from errors, and the infallibilitie of iudge-  
ment, but also to be *Christs Vicar Generall* vpon earth,  
*Peers Successor*, the *Apostolicall Prince*, and *Vniuer-*  
*Bishop of the whole Church*, to haue all power in  
auen and on Earth, and all iurisdiction both tem-  
all and spirituall, impropriated to his *Chaire*, and  
exed to his place, this seemes strange; and they  
ly deny it him, who are not giddy with standing  
neere him, or troubled with the same vertigo, by  
son of the height of place, from whence they looke  
n the rest of the poore afflicted and distressed  
ke of Christ Iesus. But for this proud challenge  
know truly how to style him the great *Anti-*  
*christ*, and crowne him with this triple *Crownes*;  
the *Man of sinne*, the *Whore of Babylon*,  
the *Vicar Generall of*  
**H E L L.**

---

CERTAINE



CERTAINE  
PIECES OF THIS  
AGE PARABOLIZD.

*Duellum Britannicum.*  
iz. *Regalis Justitia Iacobi.*  
*A quignispicium.*  
*Antidictum Cecillianum.*

By THOMAS SCOTT  
Gentleman.

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*Scire tuum nihil est.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for Francis Constable. 1616.



# D V E L L V M BRITANNICVM.

*DEDICATED*

To the eternall memorie o  
that admirable Combat performed by two  
valorous Knights, Sir Robert Mansell ap-  
pellant, and Sir John Heydon Defendant;  
where both equally expressing fortitude  
and skill in giuing and receyning wounds,  
scaped death, notwithstanding  
by the onely fauour of  
Prouidence.

**S**ince you haue done more then I can relate  
(A miracle in conquering Death) what hate  
Is that, then death more deadly, which survivues  
To cloude the glory of your after lives?  
Be reconcilde; we shew most strength and skill  
In mastering our strong frailtie, our weake will.

*Man*

# Duellum Britannicum.



Man may Man persuade amisse,  
But the skill and cunning is,  
To rule him right, to cause him do,  
What erue wisedome longs unto.  
See how the busie Lawyers throng  
Twixt Man and Man for right and wrong,  
Those Papers, all those bookees are writ,  
To reconcile Mans iarring wit.  
Stols, Muskets, Rapiers, Swords,  
All the Engines war afforas,  
Are for Man prepar'd, nor hell:  
There no foe like Man doth dwell.  
" Man for sport baites Lyons, Beares,  
" Man alone Man hatcs, and feares.

Great Volumes in few lines epitomiz'd  
Are easiest apprehended, and so priz'd.

Duellum Britannicum.

Large Countries in small Maps are best suruaide,  
Because the sense (in these abridgments staid)  
Keeps company with *Reason*, neuer flitting  
From that firme obiect their ioynt powers fitting.  
Thus the whole world is in one Man ex'rest,  
And euery part describ'd and iudged best.  
Then noble *Britain* do not sco[n]e to see  
Thy owne face in this Glasse I proffer thee:  
Two of thy children, whose fortune tels,  
What danger and assur'd destruction dwels  
In thy dis-union; and how fond they are,  
Who with false reasons nurse thy ciuill warre.

The two (two Worthies, nobly borne and breed)  
Inrich'd with vertue, and vpon the head  
Of Court and Kingdome plac'd, (as Jewels worn  
For vse and ornament) now rent and torn,  
Remaine sad spectacles; and cry aloud  
O Man, why, being mortall, art thou proud?  
Why art thou proud of beauty? Roses blast;  
Or of thy wealth? the mines of *India* waste;  
Or of thy strength? since sicknes, age, or wounds  
Let loose the stiff-strung ioynts, and spirit confound.  
Or of thy honour, and thy high-borne blood?  
Since to be great is not worth praise, but good:  
Or of all these? since all these, and much more  
*Wharton* and *Stewara* had, lost, and di'd poore.

Much more they had; so much, that hard it is  
To tell what either wanted. Earths chiefe blisse,  
(Their Princes fauour) like the Sunne aboue  
In his hot Solstice stood, and did improue  
Their blooming youth's with ripened fruit, before  
Their thoughts could hope: & what could they wi-

(more)

Duellum Britannicum.

riendes fought the, fortune blest the; blest them so,  
at which might happiest seeme was hard to know,  
either had cause of Envie; except thus,  
th' eies, hands, feet, which guide, guard, carry vs;  
hose selfe like shape, and e quall vse admits  
warre, but fellow-feeling of such fits,  
iefes, and diseases, and each part sustaines;  
shar'd they in all pleasures, toyles, sports, paines.  
or had these other cause of warre at all,  
And causelesse warre is most vnnaturall.

t (oh) that subtle Spirit incens'd rash blood  
ith frantick rage, that euery ill seem'd good.  
ey first must pray; so vnde serued gold  
ll got, we waste, and haue no power to hold.  
en they proceed to words, from words to blowes;

The way to ill is easie; but who knowes

Clue that we returne by? hence proceeds  
Challenge from wrong'd Wharton: Steward needs  
such stale prouocation: Mischiefes feet  
are swift to blood: their quicke desires soon meet,  
t (mct) soone sight; bold Steward falls by Fate;  
rton by Chance: those powers each other hate.

o I haue seene from th' Indies East and West,  
o Ships well rigg'd and mann'd vpon the brest  
I b'tis dancing, spreading flags abroad  
joy of their long-wisht-for English roade;  
now all dangerous Rocks, Gulphs, Pyrats, Sand,  
dy t'vnlaide their rich fraught on firme land,  
tell the story of their perils past,  
frolickе with glad friends in peace, at last.  
en spying each other so bedeckt, adorn'd,  
h outward pomp: ones pride the other scorn'd,

## Duellum Britannicum.

And from that enuious scorn some word proceeding  
And from that word some blow, from that blow blees  
Then giuing way to fury, all inrag'd, (dinge)  
Both are in desp'rate tearmes of fight ingag'd.  
The fire in water, Lead in th' ayre, their center  
Doe madly seeke ; and both these rudely enter  
The strong ships wombe, and ransacke euery hold,  
For pretious life, neglecting *Indian* gold.  
The shot seems thunder, but the dying grones  
Of slaughtered soules, shrike louder, deeper tones  
Then roring Cannons, whose thicke charging rour  
Lets water freely in, and poures bloud out.  
In this hot fight both firmly doe defend,  
Both nimblly do assault, both madly spend,  
Strength, skill, and all to hurt. Conquest inclines  
To neither part as partiall. Equall lines  
Are drawne betwixt them both by Fate and Chance  
Till th'one his topsaile fairely doth aduance  
To win the winde, and in that vantage flies  
With force and fury on his foe ; who plies  
All meanes to salue this losse, and to regaine  
Faire ods, or equall standing once againe.  
But all in vaine, fortune, the winde, and sea,  
Confederate with the aduerte seeme to be.  
So this to sinke (rather then yeeld) resolues,  
And halfe his tatter'd sides the Sea inuolues.  
When th'other (couetous) grapples with his foe,  
To boord and rob him : and (being chained so)  
The ship that leaks sinks, and with his weight draw  
The Conqueror with Conquest, to deaths iawes.  
So fares it with these noble Combatants  
Both equally of blood and honor vaunts :

## Duellum Britannicam.

Both enui'd and belou'd alike, both friends,  
Both yong, both valiant, and their life and ends  
paralell, and twin-like like in all  
that they obtain'd one graue, one funerall.  
One graue, one funerall, they obtain'd, yet lost  
The fame and honor their youth thirsted most.  
Cause their quarrell on false grounds begun,  
ould not produce true praise, nor true blame shun.  
The wounds thou gau'st stout *Wharton* had bin good  
against thy Kings or faiths foe ; and thy blood  
eroicke *Steward*, had been nobly shed,  
against such slaues ; so both had brauely bled.  
And your brasse Monuments had spoke the fame  
*Whartons* noble, *Stewards* royall name.  
Then the fierce challenger for his quicke charge,  
And stout assault with wounds giuen deepe and large ;  
A apt command of euery part soone shunning,  
I wounds sauе one, giuen more by chance then cun-  
And the Defendant, who so long time stood (ning  
rownd (yet vndanted) in his owne life blood ;  
And deadly wounded, past all hope of liuing,  
Death in his death to his haile fooeman giuing ;  
And fill'd the largest leaues of Fames faire story,  
And both worne wreath of triumph, conquest, glory :  
And then like patterns to both Realms, set out  
Vertue for example ; the wise and stout  
And been your schollers, and their lessons read,  
those greene fields, where both so boldly bled.  
It now (aye me ! ) as rocks, bars, sands, at sea,  
marks set vp to shew ships where they bee,  
rather as some wrack'd ships selfe, whose mast  
e-looks the waues, and yet still sticking fast

*Duellum Britannicum.*

In th'eating silt, bids the wise Pilot flye  
The tracklesse path, where such hid dangers lye.  
So stand these two, the signes of woe, and ruth,  
Of shipwrackt honor, fortune, valour, youth;  
And by their deaths confirme this speech for good,  
" Virtue hath greater priuiledge then blood.  
" Our soules are Gods, our bodies are the Kings,  
" And he that in his priuate quarrell brings  
" Either of these in question doth betray  
" The Kings part, and giues Gods part cleane away.

*England*, behold in *Wharson* what thou art,  
And *Scotland* see in *Steward* euery part  
Of thy best power; shun enmitie and strife,  
None but your selues haue power of eithers life.  
Let no slight toyes (the snares and traines of hell)  
Breed war betwixt you two; but kindly dwell  
Within this Ile as in one house, the rather  
Being thereto wooed by your good King, kind fathe  
If not, peruse this glasse, and let not me  
The fat. ll Prophet of such ill newes be  
To your succeeding times; but choose you whether  
You le still liue friends, or like these die together.

# Duellum Britannicum.



A cast of Falcons (in their pride  
At passage scouring) fowle espide  
Securely feeding from the spring,  
At one both ayme with nimble wing.  
They first mount vp aboue Mans sight,  
Plying for life this emuloroe flight  
In equall compasse, and maintaine  
Thei pitch without a lazie plaine.  
Then stooping freely (lightning like)  
They (counter) dead each other strike.  
The fowle escapes, and with her wings  
Thei funerall dirge, this lesson sings.  
" Who aimes at glory not aright,  
" Meetes death, but Glorie takes her flight.

Epitaphium

{ Epitaphium Georgii Whartoni Milit.

**T**H' offence was great, worse the report,  
The iniurie Reuenge acquitting,  
And life with many wounds ta'ne for't  
Argu'de a minde true honour fisting.  
" For sluggis Cowardice doth shame  
" Anoble Stocke, and honour'd name,

{ Epitaphium Iacobi Stewardi Armigeri.

**V**Vith an undaunted heart I fought,  
Reuenge and Choller me assailing,  
In fight I fell, with courage stout,  
My life and foes, together failing:  
I dig'de my grane out with my sword,  
And stroke, whilst life wold strength afford.

IVSTITIA

## IVSTITIA IACOBI.

Dedicated to the graue, reuerend,  
and iudicious Knight, Sr. ROBERT  
GARDINER, sometime Lord  
Justice of Ireland.

O many men presse now for place in State,  
Desceart and Worth cannot come neare the gate :  
but happy were it for the State and Vs,  
we (as Rome did) sought for Curius.  
bare should we finde him, farre from Court, with you  
erhaps a Gardiner, or perhaps at Plow.  
et eu'en the same which Pyrrhus did withstand,  
amnites, and Sabines ruld, as you Ireland.  
hen shold our Kings cleare Iustice shine too bright  
o suffer potent wrong, clonde impotent rights.  
hen shold this act of Iustice so aboue  
All presidents, make others like it moone.  
But wretched we, whilst few the doore can passe  
Of high preferment, but the Laden Ass.

Man



# Regalis Justitia IACOBI.



Man, Angell, nor the Fiend of Hell,  
Can Man's heart see, search, and tell,  
That God alone doth understand,  
Closing all thoughts within his hand,  
He better knowes then Priest, Judge, Scribe,  
Who gane the last cause-carrying bribe.  
He sets, when sentence goes awry,  
Where the hiddes ground doth lie.  
He knowes if it be true or no,  
The doubtfull witnessse swears unto.  
He markes the Lewrie and their leader,  
And obserues the lying Pledader.  
He notes the Councell what they doe,  
And the Kings heart searcheth too.

**H**ow hatefull is this silence? I haue stood  
Wishing, expecting, musing long, who wou'd  
With

Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.

With honest thrift, this faire aduantage take  
To fame himselfe for euer, and to make  
This sencelesse age conceiue (perhaps commend)  
The good we now enioy, not apprehend.  
Time was, Kings words were like to apples, snatched  
From t' *Hesperides*, so obseru'de, so watch'de.  
None suffer'd to drop downe ; all highly prizde  
Preserued, recorded, apothegmatizde.  
But now their words (though *Oracles* to those  
Of former times, though verse vnto their prose)  
Are slighted by this lip-wise age of ours ;  
Whose rootles knowledge bears no fruits but flow'rs  
Where is the Man whose better fate, admits  
Him place, time, meanes, to heare the King of wits.  
Discourse like *Salomon*, of euery thing,  
Begot betwixt the winter and the spring ?  
Determine euery doubt that doth arise  
Twixt heauen and earth, the idiot and the wise ?  
That doth for priuate vse, or publike good  
Make knowne how *Saba*-like, he vnderstood ?  
And did not (like the pictures) waite for show  
To fill place only, but to learne to know.  
This man is yet no *Courtier*, or at least  
No daily waiter ; scarce seene at a feast.  
Too poore and plaine to trauaile, and bring backe  
The tongue and heart of treason; he doth lacke  
A face t' outface his wants, and doth bewray  
His ignorance in every arrogant way.  
He meanes good faith and speakes it, though the lip  
Of censuring law, his state and body stript  
Of coyne, and eares, and freedome ; it's no crime,  
To speake truth (he thinks) though t' be out of time.

is no chamber Traytor from hell sent,  
vndermine the Soules high Parliament,  
cannot candy poyson; wants the waies  
tickle truth to death, with her owne praise.  
dares not weare a desperate suite t' vndoe  
mselfe, a Mercer, and a Taylor too:

Then make that the preface how to aske  
wards his vnkowne losse in the last maske.

But such as can those Court-lie Mysteries  
ant time for this. Themselues are histories  
t easely learn'd; t' wili aske a perfect Man  
read them daily o're, do what he can.

Here he learns by heart each attribute  
propriate to the body, and the suite,  
mselfe growes old, or a new-fashion springs:  
which shifts the Scene, the forme, and face of things.  
Thus silk-worms spend their times, & schollers too  
idle worke enough to turne them to.

haps a paire of feete and a tongue stroue  
o Should walke fastest, and most countries roue.

ewest howers to smallest purpose; these  
ength returne (their trauailes finisht) please  
publish their fond Iournall. But (alasse!)

ther themselues, nor their huge worke can passe  
praise vnpraisde. *O Courtiers* thither hie,

*Muses, Wits, Poets*; Let your Muses flie

to reforme, or settle this light braine,

render him more wilde. Your selues shall gaine

h wonder by't; extol'd shall be your skill,

writing well in ieast, in earnest ill.

If not this, some other witty taske

es your continuall leisures, and doth aske

*Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.*

Inke from your pens, t' asperge, deforme, defile,  
*States* and their instruments, with libells vile.  
No man must liue without your fawning praise,  
Nor no man die without your rounddelaiers.  
Death mak's you sport, & stroks which force the *Sta-*  
Stagger and recle; your humors eleuate,  
“ *Vice* liuing, is preferd to *Vertue* dead,  
“ The present, no time els, is honored.

If you attend on Kings, it's to obserue  
Their imperfектions, where their frailties swerue  
In rash attempts or passionate words vnstaide,  
From iuster rules, their intemperate bloods once laide  
As if Kings were not meir, weake, fraile, and poore  
Like to their Subjects, and subiected more.  
As if at *Rome* (whether you send this newes)  
All there were Saints, & your Popes Court no stene  
As if that you a Patent had from Hell  
All things to say or doe, but nothing well.  
O ! if you yet retaine a graine of that,  
Which your high aimes would seeme to leuell at:  
Or if no faith (but that you Atheists be,  
And nothing but vnhallovd Reason see)  
If but a sparke of that remaine intire,  
Which you seeme to monopolize (the fire  
*Prometheis* filch'd from *Tone*) let that bright flame  
Kindle your zeales for selfe, kings, countries fame  
To vse those opportunities, parts, places,  
Intelligences, meanes, friends, fortunes, graces,  
You haue 'botie othet, for the publique good,  
That we may vnderstand you vnderstood.  
Learne *Saba*-like to heare, obserue, report,  
The good our *Solomon* speakes, doth at Court.

Not *Shemei*-like to slander, curse, deride,  
Religions Nurse, Arts glory, vertues pride,  
But you contemne my admonition. Goe  
Feed fat for hell, the place you couet so.

And let my humble Muse, applaud, admire  
And celebrate heauens grant to our desire.  
Tell what thou seeſt and ſeclſt. *Ingratitude*

‘ Receiues, craues, ſwallowes, a whole multitude  
‘ Of gifts and graces, without thanks or cenge,  
‘ And with dul ſilence beats heauins bleſſings hence,  
‘ It is *Detraktion* to conceale due praife,  
‘ When good related, might more goodneſſe raise.  
‘ It is not flattery to report truth well;  
‘ True glasses both our faults and fauours tell.

Here then receiue this one worke royll *Iames*,  
Which now refleſts vpon thee, and more fames  
his Church and kingdom, then thy birth, crown, pen,  
Or what else makes thee the good King of men.

Sing thy Iuſtice, whose cleere raies giues light,  
To neighbour Princes in this ignorant night  
Of miſtic error, and corrupt *Respett*,  
Low to informe aright their intellect.

And (hauing here on earth, mongſt Christian Kings  
and Pagans thone) it mounts the winds ſwift wings  
Alming the ſea, bounding her ebs and tides,  
And in her monthly change the moist Moone guides.  
Then ſores vp higher, and informes the Sunne,  
Now mongſt the ſignes in an euēn line to run;  
Now to make daies, and nights; and higher yet  
Counts, till it be in the firſt Mouer ſet.

Two warlike kingdomes linckt in happy peace.  
Then they beheld how common fewdes did ceafe

R

And

And saw how strongly blest that concord stands,  
Where brethren ioyne first hearts, and after hands,  
Resolu'd that course ; turn'd matches into Maskes,  
And reuelling tissues wore for massier Caskes :  
Steeds traind for ready fight, learnt now to peace,  
And knew no foes but Buckes and Hares ; nor race  
But on smooth plaines for wagers, or for sport,  
Not for lou'd life ; where Campes lay, lay the Court  
Keene swords that bit the bone, abated now  
Kist without making skars, or help'd the plow  
To draw long furrowes on the fruitfull earth, (dearth  
Least *Peace* should (breeding teeth too fast) breed  
Blunt foiles were on sharpe pointed Rapiers set,  
And so Lord *Sanquier* and poore *Turner* met.  
They met to play : there *Sanquier* lost an eie.  
**O Britaine !** canst thou nothing further spie,  
In this then his losse ? Looke vp now and see ;  
*Securitie* hath ta'ne an eye from thee.  
Ill didst thou ward that blow ; If sport hurt so,  
O what will open force and malice do ?  
Thy King rides, hunts and falls. Are horses then  
Turn'd traitors too ? will beasts proue like to men ?  
Can Kings finde sportfull peace so hazardous ?  
To armes then *Cæsar*, shun the Senate house.  
Like poison, ponyards, pistols, *Death* aboue  
Attends on *Princes* when they feed, sleep, moue ;  
Beneath like powder, that the ground they tread,  
Seemes all one continent, to quicke and dead.  
And is't not so with others too ? behold,  
This silly Fencer, in his ignorance bold  
Think's his submissiue sorrow will suffice  
For that vnhappy thrust at *Sanquier's* eyes ;

*Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.*

nd begging pardon, seemes to haue it then.  
Vhat foole dares trust the vnseald words of men?  
et *Turner* will. A reconciled foe  
Seemes a true friend, to him would haue him so.  
e thinks (now *Dunne* is dead) to die in peace,  
but blood cries out for blood, and doth not cease  
Till vengeance followes. Vengeance euen at hand  
Vhatis like a treacherous Groome of *Sanquiers*; and  
When *Turner* nothing of his neere death thinkes,  
it laughes, & plaies, & to his deaths-man drinkes.)  
et's his charg'd pistoll fife, whose mouth spits lead  
i'ch fire-wing'd speede, striking the Fencer dead.  
No ward auoides that blow. *Pale Death* we see  
A fellow-gamester in all sports will be.  
e Murtherers flee; *Iustice* pursues with speede,  
Abettor, Actor, Ankor of this deede;  
ho (apprehended) apprehend too late  
friends helpe not), the issue of their fate.  
t friends will help. One steps vnto the King,  
eeles andthus pleads. *Leige Lord*, you are the spring,  
om whence *Nobilitie* flowes. And all our blood  
e neerer yours it comes, the neerer good:  
you first gaue, so let your power preserue  
ose that are set a part the Crowne to serue;  
hers by fit election, these by fate  
e made hereditarie to the Sta'e;  
stinguish'd from the commonon rynke of those  
ho only know they are not, when they rose.  
d priuiled ge aboue the raskall rout,  
hose words and deeds haue reference to account.  
e why did our bold fathers, with the losse,  
lymmes and liues, honors for vs ingrosse?

*Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.*

O. why do these new *Nobles* dearely buy  
Those attributes for which they dare not die?  
Or why should land or gold, which all things can  
Be giuen for titles, if they mend not man,  
And something adde besides an emptie sound,  
To recompence the glosse of gold and ground?  
If honour doth nought but a name afford,  
A Lordship then is better then a Lord.  
“ *Nobilitie* this priuiledge doth bring,  
“ It makes the owner something like a king;  
“ Exempting him from penall lawes, which crack  
“ With heauy pressure the poore Commons back.  
This (Sir) I speake t’ excite your royall power  
To rescue Noble *Sanquir*, who this houre  
Is by the too-strick’t vnrespectiue lawes  
Condemn’d to die a villa ines death. The cause  
And quarrell this. The Barron chanc’d to play  
With a rude Fencer; where both did bew. ay  
Their best ability at *Rapier* foyles.  
The Fencer to uphold his credit toyles,  
But wanteth skill; which makes his hate arise;  
And with an emuious thrust at *Sanquirs* eyes,  
The wicked and enchanted foyle deprives  
An eye of sight; worth many Fencers liues.  
The suffering Lord forbeares to kill him then  
But being after scorn’d by watermen,  
Fidlers, and such base instruments of hell  
For this foule blemish, his great heart did swell.  
And (full of noble courage) loth to do  
So blacke a deede himselfe he puts it to  
His mans performance, who obaide too soone,  
*Repintance* came before the deede was done.

## Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.

he equall lawes to equalls doth appoint  
an eye should haue an eye, ioynt answere ioynt.  
ut where such oddes of persons be, I ghesse  
an eye should haue a life to boote, no lesse.  
et not on this or that doth *Sanquir* stand ;  
is death, his life, his doome is in your hand.  
e doth confesse the foulnesse of his guilt :  
e sorrowes for the blood that he hath spilt.  
our mercy (royall Sir) he doth implore  
or this rash act, who neuer beg'd before.

Scarce had he done, and e're the king could speake,  
no other thus begins. If you should wreake  
ach English peasants life with bloud so hie  
s noble *Sanquir* is, No memorie  
if your faire traine, of Natiue Scots, should stand,  
o let times know the glory of that land.  
ouldiers must doffe their armes, and gowns put on,  
villaines so foule may passe vpon  
ords vnreueng'de ; or if those antique names,  
hose honors, trophees, and eternall fames,  
e got by killing many Englishmen,  
e for the death of one, thus lost agen.  
thus to quench the fewde you pleased are,  
ou thereby quench the heart of lawfull warre.  
emember what a souldier he hath bin ;  
ow easly might forget it was a sinne.  
nd thinke he did but chastice one of those  
ho 'gainst his Leader muteni'de, and rose.  
any of th' English haue been pardoned  
or treasons capitall. Some honored  
or their knee-service, and no other merit.  
men (Sir) let vs who lineally inherit

*Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.*

Allegeance, worth, and honours; sometime finde  
You left not all your Scottish blood behinde :  
Nor meane to leaue vs in the hands of those  
Who kill with law more friends, then fewdes kil foes;

Thus ended he ; And then as in a Queere  
Of solemne sirgers, one shall ever heare  
After the Trebles hath the Antheme sung,  
(And their divisions with shrill vtterance rung) ;  
The Base, the Tenor, Counter-tenor sweet,  
With Howboyes, Cornets, Trumpets, Organs meet  
And ioyne their hye-stretcht notes, that all the ring  
Seemes Echo-like, their sonnets to resing:  
So did the graue and gallant troope, which stood  
About the King (like a dew-dropping wood)  
Convey their powres to make this confort full  
And cryed ; Be stil'd *King Iames the mercifull.*  
Or (if to satisfie the course of law,  
And stop *Opinions* wide-gull swallowing iaw)  
Life must haue life, take *Carlisle*, one for one,  
And one to boote too ; so this Lord be none.  
With that (as if all aymes would this aduance)  
Comes from the Regent and the King of *France*,  
Letters, intreating for their Pensioners life ;  
And last, as if the difference of a wife  
Should from this fact take characters, to know  
A true good wife, from a good wife in shew :  
Comes his forsaken Lady all in blacke,  
(Whose youth from him did due bencuolence lacke)  
Weeping, intreating, for her lost Lords sinne,  
And then like iulomes that run ever in  
A baile of *Gos-ips* (some true beggars borne,  
Pittyng this Lord more then the Lord of Lorne)

## Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.

Beg his remission with obstreperous voice :  
But mongst the rest, she that made lowdest noise,  
Was *Turners* Widdow, whose shrill throat did yell,  
That she was satisfied, and all was well.

The king abhord it, and his vpright heart,  
Beholding these assaults on euery part,  
Made it his glory to be onely good,  
And from his crowne to wipe those staines of blood.  
Thus he replies : The crowne for Iustice sake,  
" Heau'n plac'd vpon our head; which none can shake  
" Or touch till with vniustice we make way,  
" And (for respect) that strict rule disobay.  
" God is our Guard of proofe, that we may be  
" A guard to you vnpartiall, iust, and free.  
" And this stands firme ; If one hand goes about  
" To signe a croock't line, th' other blurs it out.  
O magnanimitie, aboue a Man !

O Iustice more confirm'd then that which wan  
*Zeluchus* so much fame ! Corrupt with gold  
*States, Cour iers, Law, or Wiues* that will be sold.  
Peruert with passion euery solid heart,  
Moue *Stoickes*, or melt marble with thy Art,  
Iustice sits still vntouch'd, with kingly care,  
Not pardoning till true mercy bids him spare.  
And then not striking, though the life he giues,  
Repines, and enuies that the giuer liues.

Denide they vanish, as the cloudes disperse,  
When the hot-shining Sunne lookes red and fierce.  
The law proceeds ; the Actors suffer first,  
A death too-good, too-bad ; the best the worst.  
The Author then submits him to his doome,  
And dies a *Catholike* ; That's a man of *Rom.*

Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.

& O *Rome* ! Liues yet that Wolfe which was thy Nurse  
ir- When(growing great)thou grewst the whole worlds  
May none yet leap thy wals, or leaue thy Sea (curse ?  
Vnslayne, though he a King and brother be ?  
Retain'st thou yet that sauage kinde, to pray  
re- On the distressed flocke which shuns thy way ?  
ea- Do all that sucke thy brests, for milke sucke blood ?  
of Dare not that spring from thee die well, doe good ?  
Must *Gibbet* onely rocke them to their rest ?  
Doe they desire that death? become they't best ?  
Must *Traytors*, *Murtherers*, only be thy *Saints* ?  
Weare none white robes but such as scarlet paints ?  
Else why doe all euill men so soone drinke vp  
The deadly lees of thy inchaunted cup ?  
Or why doe fooles so credit what *Rome* sayth,  
But for they easely learne implicit faith ?

If *Rome* keep heauens keyes, (as 'tis out of doubt),  
None dare barre *Lambert*, or Lord *Sanquir* out :  
Nor neede they feare, where *Iesuits* haue to doe,  
*Garnet* shall be a *Saint*, and *Iudas* too :  
Their writings and examples murther teach ;  
They'l not condemne the doctrine which they preach.  
This makes our desperate *Russins*, *Romanes* dye.  
And our crack'd Virgins seeke a *Nunnery*.

Iustice rise *Lyon*-like out of thy sleepe,  
The Westerne *Wolues* worry the *Irish* sheepe :  
And here at home thy borders swarme with those  
Who doe imitate, breed, beget thee foes.  
The scar thou thinkst to close, these make more wide,  
" True faith vnites, but their faith doth deuide.  
The *Grimes* are banish'd, but worse Foxes earth  
In those vast places, through the Gospels dearth.

The

*Regalis Iustitia Iacobi.*

Humour that feeds these, affects the heart,  
doth dilate it selfe through euery part  
secret influence, though it closely lurkes,  
Causes are best discouered by their workes.

Examples though they doe no other ill,  
Rebell against the Lawes in being still.

They count' nance giue to error, and curbe in  
bold reprehension, making truth a sinne.

Who hides his question'd faith he ought reueale,  
Will vtter what perhaps he should conceale.

Put out these Foxes then ; it is a sport  
ting a King, a Councell, and a Court.

Hounds that lie not, or flie out ; for such  
end freely, sweetly, but thee ground ne're touch,  
They please the eare and eye, but neuer minde  
kill the Game. Those *Cubs* are of their kinde.

Stay, take off, we ryot : leauue the sent :

*Laime Truck cannot be slaine, but may be shent.*

*Aquigni-*



## *A quignispicium.*

DEDICATED  
TO THE FREE  
and bountifull House-keepe  
Sr. Le-strange Mordant,  
Knight Baronet.

**T**hou that art almost onely left to tell,  
Wherin our ancient Gentry did excell,  
These upstart plants, be st ill thy selfe, till we,  
For shame reforme our liues, and wax like thee.  
So plaine, free, vpright, honest, open, iust :  
But sure first die, and rise againe we must.

# Aquignissicium.



The State is cast ; God doth behold  
Eyes blinde, eares de fe, tongues dumbe with cold.  
Dayes care to get, gets nightly cares,  
Which memorie foyles, and iudgment marrs.  
The faint heartes (slowly bearing) tells  
Dull spirits in the slacke nerue dwells,  
The Liver boyles with iustfull blood,  
Weake stomacke brookes no meat that's good.  
Loose palsie makes the hands to tremble,  
When they for loue shake, they dissemble.  
The gowty knees ooe stify bend ;  
The feete walke slow to all good end.  
The Doctor saith ; Repent, fast, pray,  
Die, or this diet take we may.

**G**od bends his bowe but shoots not; see, it stands  
As if the stiffe string were in Mans owne hands.

Allu-  
the E  
bow.

For

*Aquignisficium.*

For God first plac'd it so, that Man might know  
How prone to peace he is, to warre how slow,  
That couenant which he made with *Noah*, he keeps,  
His Mercy euer wakes, his Iustice sleeps.

And though our sins a second *Deluge* craues,  
Hee'l drench the world no more in those salt waues..

“ What hurt frō heauē fals, first frō th' earth proceede.

“ And Mans misfortune, springs from mans misdeed.  
Misdeeds that from our selues, friends, country come  
And where they should on all, light but on some.

The snow, haile, raine, are by the Suns pure beamess  
Exhalde from standing *Marishes*, whose streames  
Infect the ayre with foggy mists, and then  
Are botteld vp in clouds for sinfull men.

And for Mans good, in season they distill  
Or out of season, to amend the ill.

The plagues we feele fall at the head and foot,  
Are shafts against God our hands first vpward shoot.

Presumptuous sins in Country and at Court,  
*Creatnesse*, and *Grace*, and *Fauour* do support.

The *Pulpit* flatters; *Justice* sits and smiles,  
Making a gainefull skill, of lingring wiles.

“ Who hath great friends liues free, & wanteth faults.

“ But without friends the vpright innocent haults.  
*Vice* now prouides vs rayment, meat and drinke,  
So how't increas't not how to curb't we thinke.

Old men waxe impudent, lasciuious, wilde,  
That fits them best, which scarce becomes a childe.

Young men are stubborne, disobedient, stout,  
And rule, and teach, euen from the swathing clout,  
They all things know and can but (what they ought)  
*Themselves* and *vertue*. These they neuer sought.

Fashion

Fashions from Spaine, France, Germanie, and Rome,  
And Turkie too, with their Religions come.  
So they are fuled faire from top to toe,  
And each new suite in a new faith they goe.  
Matrons that are not dead nor yet aliue,  
But betwixt both, in some part vegetiue,  
Crown their smooth scalps with haire, <sup>W</sup>hich now makes  
Second Mistres ready for the graue (braue  
Young Maids (that goe for such) are Mothers known  
And such as should be none, are Virgins shoun.  
O modesty where dwelst thou? Womanhood  
Is sca ce by ou high English vnder stood  
vice growes so common, that it is far more  
Opprobrious, to be chaste, then be a whore.  
All things are out of order. Lawes are made  
Strong meanes not to defend, but to invade.  
Then why should we limit the sea, or fire  
Within their bounds, and not our owne desire?  
Southward th' Armado, and the fleetes of Spaine,  
Oft beaten) seeme to threaten vs againe.  
And East and West the Seas would meet we see:  
But that ( O wonder ! ) Northward blest we bee.  
The want of water was the cause before  
Those huge built hulkes, could not approch our shore,  
V Vho came resolu de of conquest: and did stand  
As if they ment to bear e away our land.  
Poore Ile so small thou wert, and they so great  
Too scant a sea for them that was thy seat.  
But had they staide till now, now might they ride  
On the swolne waues at ease in all their pride.

And  
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East

And

And into euery heauen their bold Ships steere,  
As if no sands, barres, shallowes, had bin there.  
We know whens ere they come, God can prouide  
Such seas, so high, so vncontrold a tide,  
Able without their *Ennie*, or their ayde  
To bury vs; for see how he hath layde  
Our workes all leuell; draines, dikes, sluices, bankes,  
Fields, pastures, gardens, manors, farmes, and frank  
With man their owner, and what Man doth feed,  
Are buried with a sea of teares indeed.

*Nouember* did we scape thy fift day thus,  
That euery day thou should'st be ominous?  
Doe we so soone forget the sixt day last,  
And worst of all daies to our Iland past,  
That thus we should so oft remembred be,  
From what strange thralldom, we were once set free?  
Or do the waters thus breake in, to show  
How humorous and irregular vices flow?  
How *Saint*-like *Sacriledge* doth impropriate?  
And calme *Oppression* swallowes *Church* and *State*?  
How close *Hypocrisie* bends his courtly knee,  
And (wanting all faith) would haue all faith's free?  
How holy *Hymen*: sacreds band are broken,  
His torch extinguish'd, and his rites fore-spoken?  
How *Goth*ish lusts needs all those waues to slake  
His scorching flames, hot as th' infernall like?  
Or is't for all these crimes, and more vntold,  
The faithfull Sea, which wont our *Ile* to hold  
In his moist armes, from strange assaults secure,  
Hath chang'd his loue to this sad ouverture?

And

d (for our sinnes) learnes vs to fast and pray,

singing in fish, sweeping our flesh away?

That land which (Josphen-like) did flow whil-ere,

With all that Man desires or life holds deere,

that no spot in all this Iles large field,

the sythe more hay, sickle more corne did yield :

here sweetnes was the fawce, and fatnes fed,

hil'st *Dearth*, and *Famine* from the confines fled:

here the stiffe-vdder'd *Cow* long'd twice a day,

meet the merry milke-maide on the way :

and missing her by chance, wrot on the ground

With milke-white letters where she would be found,

Now prostrate lyes; the goodly beauty foil'd,

the welth wash'd thence, the gards & trêches spoil'd.

what assurance haue we then in clay

which (if not Lawyers) *Seas* thus eat away?

Hold farre from waters, that secures thy feare,

though lesse thy profit be, safe dwelling there.

O no; what's that I see? a raging flame

ounts vp in yonder plaine, and none can tame

his hot misgouern'd furie. Water heere

me cry, but no such element is neere.

Be i mad-Dog that through the thronged streets

ringing with rage snatcheth at all he meets,

and all that bitten are, as mad as he,

none raging too, that few or none scape free:

the cry is vp, and euery man stands arm'd,

do he knowes not what till he be harm'd;

and then to sauue himselfe neglects the rest,

and madly mischiefe does when he meanes best.

Marsh  
in No  
folke.

New-  
ket bu  
with n  
other  
table to  
in Eng

Or

Or as a towne of strength, at dead of night,  
Surpriz'd (by sodaine stratagem or slight,)  
The people (with the allarum bell awak'd)  
Run out to see what newes amaz'd and nak'd;  
And meeting death abroad, for life run home,  
And finde their houses sick'd before they come.  
Then turning backe againe they know not whither,  
Flocke all on heaps and dye like freinds together ::  
So far'de it there; the fire flew vp and downe  
Snatching at euery house within the towne.  
And whilst one thought his neighbors house to sau  
He sees his owne doth instant succour craue.

Here stands an *Alehouse* tosting, and the *Hostis*  
Swearing her false-scor'de tally burn'd or lost is.  
The *Tapster* (wanting water) plies with ale  
The thirstie fire which drinks both new and stale,  
And by that oyly-liquor is not quenched  
But rather (*Drunkard-like*) inrag'd, incensed.  
The *Host* (instead of pailes) fils pots and sweares  
Hee'le vse no penny-pots that wants their eares.  
Wisheth his luggs were bigger, he would fill them.  
And (but in vaine) on the wilde fire doth spill then  
Here stares an *Oster* whil'st the flame makes ceasur  
On his small bottles and his ostry measure,  
And here a *Chamberlaine* giues quicke attendance  
To sauue his pretty faggots with a vengeance.  
Those pretty faggots which fire-hot being eat  
In a cold morning, scarce would make one sweat.  
Here runs a rauening *Usurper* dog-like tyred  
Betwixt his owne house and the mort-gagde fired.

H

ere flames a barne of some ingrossing *Farmer*.  
nd here the study burnes of some false *Termer*.  
ere stands a kennell, there a rack and manger  
or running horses, but both stay the danger.  
*Baude* houles here, and here a nest of whores  
urnde oft within, are now burnde out of dores.  
ere's a *Tobacco* shop, and in the *Celler*  
n' *Indian Devil*, our baud, witch, whore, man-queller,  
hat spirit waster, and that *Liver* heater,  
f thumor radicall that greedy eater,  
hat breath corrupter, and quick-eye-sight spoyler,  
hat wit confounder, and strong *Memorie* foyler,  
hat pickpurse, theefe, time cheater, connycatcher,  
hat alehouse haunter, and fell mischife hatcher,  
hat all compounded cuill of every Nation,  
so bad (almost) for th' English imitation,  
*Tobacco* by the fire was there caroused  
ith large pettounes, in pisse perfum'd and souised.  
Thus what full many thrifte yecres erected,  
ne prodigall flame hath wasted and deiceted.  
nd now (behold) the prouder *Chimneys* stand  
s heires left v. ell, who wasted haue their land,  
f whom the common people vse to say,  
s pitty proper men should thus decay;  
et none releeues them, or build vp their state  
such an eminent fortune as of late.  
ongst these one *Chimney* stands, where passers by  
ay reade this sentence with a running eye,  
thing is so close carried or concealde,  
ich shall not be in his due time reveal'd.

L

Whether

*Quicquid plicium.*

Whether by chance or by diuine decree,  
(For so all humane actions ordr'ed bee)  
This obiect stands; that all may make good vse  
Of what they see, or quit them from excuse,  
Ile not determine. Let it bee my folly  
Rather than bee profane, to bee too holy.

He that once drown'd the world, can if he please  
Drown part or the whole world againe with ease  
But since his word is paſt, though we abound  
With that which caus'd the former world be drown'd  
Hee'le keep his promise, and the Sea restraine  
From ouerflowing sinfull flesh againe.  
Yet is it in his power the whole t' mmerſe  
In variable woes; plagues to disperſe  
In the most frequent streetes, most fragrant fields,  
That th' ayre may breath out death, whelth now yield  
Or thin cheek'd *Famint* ( though a stranger borne )  
Who now to know on Fridayes th' English scorn,  
Who of all forrainers is worſt intreated,  
His fashion left, himſelfe in prison seated,  
May be familiar with our countreymen  
(Like a post- *Natus*, or free Deniz'en)  
And that without an act, if God thinke good,  
Though all the Peeres and Commons it withſtood.

Fire, aire, earth, water, all are his : he can  
With or without theſe, ſaue or puniſh Man.  
No place is free from him, nothing is hid,  
He knowes what *Faukes*, *Persie*, and *Catesbie* did  
Vnder the ground; and what new plots doe come  
From hell, or from hels Councel-chamber (*Rome*). AII

*Aquignispicium.*

And this, (and all els) his bleſt hand reueales  
To his elect, and with deliuernace ſeales.

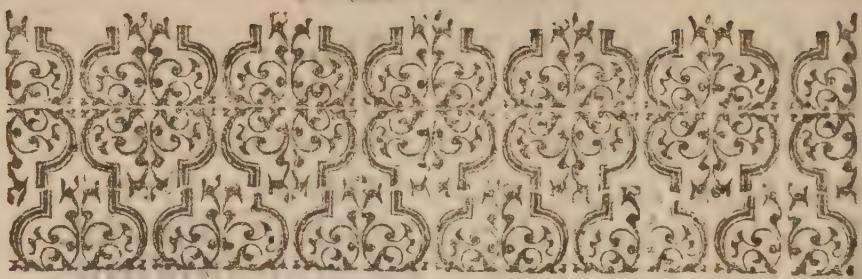
Attend his pleasure then ; firſt we ſhall ſee  
*Rome* burne, and all with *Rom.* that lynked bee.  
Then the whole world ; and that fire ſhall diſclose  
Each truſh, each falſhood, and each cauſe of thoſe.  
Till then, theſe waters doe but wash the ſlime  
Of *Babel* from this too indiſferent time.

These petty fires, kindle our loue and zeale,  
(Halfe-dead) to King, the Church, & cōmon-weale,  
Affliction profits. Strike vs (Lord) in loue ;  
Let thy milde hand each way our firme faith proue.  
But let not *Babel* triumph in our fall,  
Nor any that on *Baal*, or *Dag.* in call.

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# ANTIDOTVM CECILLIANVM.

DEDICATED

To the Common-wealth.

**D**Esert hath no true follower after death  
But Envy ; others flatter with their breath.  
In vaine I sought particular Patrons ; they  
When life left greatnessse, ran with life away.  
Blood, kindred, friends, forsooke him ; so't was fit,  
We might haue doubted else his worth and wit.  
Their compasse was too narrow to yield shade  
To him that both their roostes and fortunes made :  
But gentle England, since he quiet gane  
To thee by his cares, gine his corps a graue.  
And since his wisdome did renowne thy name,  
Be thou a Sanctuary to his fame.  
And since he gane for thee his life and health,  
Gine him protection, thankfull Common wealth.

TO

TO THE HONOVR  
of the illustrious Familie of the  
C E C I L L S , deseruing of this Common-  
wealth, all the Romane wreaths of triumph:

The memorable Pyramids of Egypt:

And all other Trophes  
of Eternitie.

**A**S by one mouer, motion, doth commence,  
Euen from the *Center*, to circumference :  
So from one good *Man*, many may arise,  
Like-good, like-apt, like-faithfull, and like-wise.  
This now is verified ; The *Cecills* are  
*Statesmen in time of peace, Souldiers in warre.*

*Epicedium.*

What needs, thy Monument be rais'd ?  
What needs, the *Muses* sing thy worth ?  
What needs, thy memory be prais'd ?  
Or what needs Art, thy fame set forth ?  
Let Art, time, gold, the *Muse*, and Men,  
Guild falsehood, folly, ignorance :  
Let them conspire gainst thee ; and then,  
The more they shall thy worth aduance.  
They worke, write, raile, or praise to please,  
“ But *Truth* giues vertue, life, not these.



# Antidotum Cecillianum.



Darius on a Graue-stone found  
This Epitaph: Who digs this ground  
Shall treasure finde. The greedy King  
Dio'd there, but found another thing.  
Within was written; Hadst not been  
A beastly-minded man, I ween  
The harmlesse bones of the deceast  
Had in their quiet tombes iane rest.  
Who rips the coffins of the dead,  
Finds fame and honour thence are fled  
With life, the Subiect of their ire;  
Stench onely stayes to pay their hire.  
" Worth hath his Epicedium sung  
" By enuies shrill and standrous tongue.

When this rich soule of thine (now sainted) kept  
Her State on earth, my humble Muse nere stept

*Antidotum Cecilianum.*

Out of that sweete content whercin shee dwelt,  
To sing thy worth, th' effects wherof we felt.  
But now since death hath freedome giuen to thee,  
To see thy scorne made others flatterie,  
And that each mouse on the dead Lyon leaps,  
And euery riming pen, forg'd matter heaps  
On thy bright frame, casting their owne base durt  
Vpon thy honour'd hearse, (minding more hurt  
To thee then *Death* or *Hea* can doe) I may  
And must be bold (or sinne) this truth to say.

Each euidence thy foes bring, speakes thy praise :  
For what can more thy fame and glory raise,  
Then to be rail'd on by the worst of men,  
Such as like out-lawes liue, not in the ken  
Of *Justice*, or communitie? Base slauies  
Whose crimes & sins make their own nest their graus.

T'was meet thy vertues eminent and hie  
Should not vn-enuied liue, vnslandred dye :  
For then we might haue feare'd thou had'st not been  
So absolute a man ; now it is seen  
Euen by those many shadowes *Envy* throwes,  
That thy worth was substantiall, and not showes.

*Detrallion* is perplext, and flies about  
Ouer a world of Acts to single out  
Some one or two in thy whole life to scan,  
And proue by thē (what *Death* did) thou wer't man :  
Yet seeing that past credit, she descends  
To view thy body, and her venom syends  
Not against it but nature, which did shroud  
So great a sunne vnder so small a cloud.  
But we that plainly see men sildome rise  
Though they be learn'd, iudicious, daring wise,

Except

*Antidotum Cecillianum.*

Except the body somewhat suites the minde,  
And good cloathes sute the body too ; are blinde  
And mad with enuie if we yeeld not thee  
Worth aboue thought, who to that high degreee  
Rose through the eminent parts of thy blest soule,  
Aboue contempt, disgrace, scorne or controule.  
*Nature* did recompence thy want of clay  
With heauenly fire ; thy body could not stay  
Thy actiuе soule heere longer, t'was too light  
A clog to keepe from *Heauen* so strong a spright.

Well might thy body be a soule to those  
Whose more grosse earthen soules did late compose  
Blacke libels gainst thy fame, and rak'd so low  
Into thy purged excrements to know  
What soule disease durst kill thee, and then found  
Many were guilty : for it could not sound  
They thought like truth, that one disease slue thee  
When they hauing all yet scape to *Deddiek* free.

By this they shew that whatsoe're we thinke,  
They know all these diseases by th'instinck,  
They are familiar with them and of kin,  
So their first causes of being deadly sinne,  
And of the elders house too. For the diuell  
Chiefe libeller formes all degrees of cuill  
And like good boies of his, these labour too  
More then disease, or *Death*, or *Hell* can doe  
To kill the soule, and to bely a fame  
Which laughes to scorn, all *scorn*, & shames all shame.

You that stand next the helme and thinkey're free  
rom their sharpe viperous tongues, it cannot be ;  
If death comes, these *Rauens* follow, and perchance  
Time fauouring their desircs) th'cile leade the dance

And

*Antidotum Cecillianum.*

And raile at you too. Tis not you they hate  
But our blest King, Religion, and the State.  
And if (which God forefend) so stood the time  
Y'ould see they could do worse, then they can rime.

Now I haue throwne my selfe into the way  
To meeete their rage, and (if I can) to stay  
Their dog-like malice rather on my head  
Then suffer it pollute and wrong the dead.  
If they alledge I giue him more then due,  
You know their custome, they cannot speake true.  
But if they say I gaue him lesse, their spite  
Shewes neither I nor they can do him right.

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*Tb*

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# Antidotum Cecillianum.



The Sunne past by degrees those signes  
Which to his sotherne seate inclines,  
And now in LEO sate aloft.

The sweating labourer bans him oft,  
The Shepheard melts, and ore the Plaine  
His new shorne-sheepe seeke shades in vaine.  
The Marchant, Sea man, euery Trade  
They say by him are Banckrupt made.  
He heares it and (at height of noone,  
Hides his bright beames behinde the Moone.  
They sadly know that doth presage  
Dearth, death, warre, want to euery age  
And then his late wiste absence mone ;  
" Fooles wist men misse, when they are gone.

Ince its decreed in heauen, found true on earth,  
That all things haue an end which had a birth ;  
That

That no estate is fixed, nights follow noone,  
Ebs second floods, change fils the horned Moone  
Which wanes againe at full, and shewes the glory  
Of Earths best essence to be transitory :

How happy is that Man whose fate expires  
Before declension crowned with his desircs.  
And hath his daies by vertuous actions told,  
Guessing how much he would had he been old,  
Since yong, his noted deeds out-vied his daies  
And he lack't not true worth but rather praise.  
Few touch this point, yet hither seeme to bend  
Preuenting ruine with a violent end.

So *Otho*, and the *Persian Monarch* fell,  
But this steepe way precipitates to *Hell*  
Flattering with seeming help our wretched state  
Not curing woes, but making desperate.  
Our way is holy, white, and leades to blisse  
Not by oblique attempts. For nature is  
Made priuy with our passage, and we stay  
Till she leades gently on, Grace making way.

Not euery common *President* can fit  
This golden rule, all aime ; but few can hit  
This narrow passage which more fames the man,  
Then sayling twise through fatall *Magelan* :  
Or girding all the earth with one small bote,  
Discouering gold, new worlds, things of rare note.

From hence the ground of thy great praises spri  
O *Cecill* lou'd of God, good men, the King,  
Borne vp not by stolne imps or borrowed plumes,  
Which lets them fall who with high slight presume  
Neere the suns scorching beames ; thy nativue wor  
Vertue, and actiue knowledge, set thee forth

is Kingdomes *Pilot*, where no storme or stresse  
uld make thee lose thy compasse or expresse  
new of doubt, but firmly guide our state  
th'adit beene ruler both of chance and fate.

This well thy Master saw, who therefore plac'd  
ee next himselfe, and with high honors grac'd  
y great deserts : more could'st thou not desire  
or earth afford, yet that which we admire  
as aboue this, eu'en in the top of these,  
ing nicerer heauen thither to mount with ease,  
; if th'adst, tane th' aduantage of the time  
n *Greatnesse* staires, helpt by good deeds to clime.

O happy thou, but wretched creatures wee  
see thy flight, and yet to slander thee :  
feele the fruite of thy life wasting care,  
hich zealous for our good, no time would spare,  
cherish nature, that we thus being free  
ould onely freedome vse to raile at thee.  
ur idlenesse proclaimes thy well spcnt time,  
ice by thy meynes we leisure haue to rime,  
hil'st neighbour States are acting it in blood,  
hich we scarce heare of, neuer vnderstood.

The benefite the Sunne gines to our sight,  
We see not halfe so well by day as night.

Want giues a grace to goodnessse, when th'injoying  
unfounds and dazells scnse like honny cloying.  
vme needes no target till the sword be lost :  
hil'st *Nestor* wakes, well may *Thirsites* boast.  
shers and expert Masters are all one  
calmes and deepes, the ship there goes alone.  
ut when the winds, seas, rocks, and fuds do fight,  
ne skilfull Master then keepes all vpright.

Plutar  
vita 1

We

*Antidotum Cecillianus.*

We feare no stormes the *Porpus*es do play,  
The *Dolphins* dance, and *Proteus* flocks do stray  
O're *Neptunes* watry Kingdome safe and free,  
None casting doubts, or fearing what may be.  
May this calme last perpetuall, and faith then  
We ne're shall need thee *Cecil* nor such men:  
Others we haue to fill thy roome thou gone,  
So *Aristippus* saith; stone sits on stone.

We yet are senselesse of thy losse, and find  
No danger in't. Like some within the winde  
Of a great shot, whose violent thunder driues,  
The sense into distraction, and deprives  
The eare of present vse: so did report  
Of thy death make vs mad to raile and sport,  
To temporise, lye, flatter; so defaming  
Our selues, state, manners, law, religion shaming:  
But now the fit being past, tis plaine to sense  
" Though man forbeares *Heauen* pleads for innocenc  
" *Vertue* o'recomes by sufferance, and good deeds  
" Are fenc'd by *Calumny*, as herbes by weeds.

*Tb*

# Antidotum Cecillianum.



The Cynicke sicke and like to die,  
To such as askt where he would lie,  
Made answere where you will ; the field  
Is large, and roome enough doth yeeld.  
But they reply'de, the fields are wide ;  
Rauenous beasts and vermine vilde  
Haunt those places ; Kites and Crowes  
Who to dead men no mercy shawes.  
True (quoth he) but if you please  
Lay a staffe to driue hence these.  
Tis only man I feare aline,  
From my graue beasts only driue.  
"Though (living) we haue stanes for dogs,  
"Dead w're are rooted vp by hogs.

Epitaphium.

Epitaphium.



EPITAPHIVM.

**R**omes poison, Spaines cōplots, the French designe:  
Thy skill foresees, discouers, vndermines.  
*Dog-like* they lick'd the dust, crouch't low, and faunc'd  
When (liuing) thy skil'd power did ought command  
But (dead) they madly rage, grin, some for spite;  
For toothlesse curres will bark that cannot bite.



TO



## TO THE RIGHT WORTHY, Henry Doile, Esquire.

**T**He folly which in man with wit is fixt,  
Must needes haue pleasant things with wholesome  
Ise Nature loath it. Homers frogs and mise (mixt;  
Instrncts Achilles: Virgil is not nice  
To haue an Oten pipe. These toyes I send:  
Accept; to please, and profit is my end.

*Sic paruis componere magna solebam. Virgi.*

## SATYRA AVLICA.

**V**W Ho (weary of contentfull Coun-  
tries rest)  
Repaires to Court, with patience  
had best  
Fore. arme himselfe, both *Fate* and *Fortune* prooфе  
Gainst all assaults, or wisely stand aloofe:  
For plainnesse is despisde, and honestie  
s fellow Shakerag with simplicitie.  
To be a Scholler, is to be a foole:  
Rude impudencie is the Courtiers Schoole.  
Arts are but Lackies to attend and waite  
On Ignorance, Apparance, and Deceite.

M

Canſt

## SATYRA.

Canſt thou ſeeme wiſe? Enough. This followes then,  
“ Vizards haue fairer vizages then men.  
To be a Souldier is to be a flauſe,  
Danger abroad, reproach at home to haue.  
Deepe furrow'd wounds fresh bleeding in the wars  
Findes leſſe reliefe and pittie then the ſcars  
Of muſkey Courtiers, when their ſmooth ſlicke ſkin  
Is bramble-ſcratched with a Ladies pinne.  
Nor do they now, (as erſt they did) delight,  
The ſtubborne *Steedes* to mannage to the fight;  
To tilt and turnay with ſtrong Itauies of oake,  
To fight at barriars with a *Brandaons* stroake,  
To dance in compleat armour, (but alas!)  
To tilt, fight, dance and turnay with a laſſe.  
The *Schollerſhip* they uſe, is to diſcoure  
Of my Lords bloud-hound, and his Honors horſe:  
To tell how well the one pursued the chafe,  
The other ſwiftly ranne a luſtie race.  
Or if more high their heauy wits aſprie,  
It's to diſpute of luſt, and looſe deſire.  
Their Soulderie is ſwaggering in the Court,  
Where none may ſtrike the vrger but in ſport:  
To offer ſtrangers, ſtrange and foule diſgraces,  
Preſuming on their priuiledged places,  
Which oft-times is repaide them, when they come  
Abroad from Court, they'r welcom'd like Jack druff.  
Their idle houres, (I meane all houres beside  
Their houres to eate, to drinke, drab, ſleepe and rid)  
They ſpend at ſhooue-boord, or at penny pricke,  
At dice, cards, tennis; or they will not ſtickle  
Rather then not be idle, to delay  
At ſhuttle-cocke the precious time away.

O slaues! regard what slander doth arise  
 From your effeminate slow cowardise.  
 Haue you no Soules? no pens? no swords in hand?  
 Behold where cursed *Mahomet* doth stand,  
 Triumphing o're the Crosse; he lew beside  
 And *Heathen* do our holy faith de. ide.  
 For shame unsheath your swords, let not reproch  
 Your sluggish ease is forraine kingdomes broch.  
 Cast painted *Puppets* from your yeelding neckes  
 And scorne to stoope when the stale *Strumpet* beckes:  
 Let stallians serue to squench the scorching heate  
 Of such as marrow, oysters, Ringoes, ea. e.  
 You that are Scholers, souldiers, or such men  
 Whose soules seeke knowledge, flee this shady den  
 Of ignorance; let thither none resort  
 But Taylors, Bauds, Perfumers, fooles for sport,  
 Cookes, Painters, Barbers, Fidlers; these may hap  
 To sleepe in fortunes net, and honors lap.  
 In honors lap? auaunt base dunghell gromes  
 You are but shadowes: honors lofty roomes  
 Must be supplide with men. Though *Isis Asse*  
 Hinke men adore his greatnesse as they passe.  
 Let *Isis* knowes tis false; then hence be gon  
 And let desert be honored alone.  
 Fortune vsurpe no more, permit not fooles  
 To triumph ouer Souldiers, Arts, and Schooles.  
 Let not the wit for higher actions able,  
 Trend for scraps at *Ignoramus* table.  
 Aire *Cynthia* fill thy horne, at length arise  
 And chase these blacke clouds from our troubled skies.

# AN IRISH BANQUET, OR THE Mayors feast of Youghall.

Tales many haue been told by men of yore,  
Of Giants, Dragons, and of halfe a score  
Worthies saue one, of Castles, kings and knights,  
Of Ladies loues, of Turnaies, and such sights  
As *Mandeville* ne're saw ; yet none like this  
Which my Muse howles : then listen what it is.

<sup>a</sup> *Saturne* grew old, and the gods did agree,  
That <sup>b</sup> *Ioue* should him deprive of Soueraigntie,  
And become chiefe himselfe. A solemne day  
Appointed was, when all the <sup>c</sup> Gods most gay,  
Attired in mantles faire, and truses strange,  
Came to behold this Lecher-like lou'd change.  
The frie of all the Gods was there beside,  
And each his bastard had, his Whore and Bride.  
The milk-white path which to *Ioues* Pallace leades,  
Incomely order all this rich troope treads.

<sup>d</sup> Ceres threw wheate vpon *Jones* face most daintie,  
Presaging and forespeaking future plenty.  
The well-instructed swine did follow after,  
And for the wheat left something that was softer,  
<sup>e</sup> Ciuer, like Irish sope. Sweete naturde beasts,  
Fit waiters at such ciui'l solemne feasts.  
At length the traine reach't the high Hall of *Jone*.  
The Gods sat downe, the <sup>f</sup> Goddesses then stroue  
For place and state: but <sup>x</sup> *Juno* most demurely,  
Plac'de and displac'de that day, as please her sur-

The tables stood full crownde with dainty dishes,  
Enough to satisfie the idle wishes  
Of longing Wiues, or Maids grown green and sickly,  
With eating fruit, and doing nothing quickly.  
Huge<sup>n</sup> hands of butter not yet fully blue,  
With quiuering custards of a doubtfull hue.  
Stewde prune, and bread that passeth<sup>i</sup> Malahane.  
And honny sweeter farre then sugar cane.  
Greene apples and such plenty of small Nuts.  
That therewith safely one might fill his guts,  
Though he were sure the Cookes were Irish sluts.  
The goblets sweld with pride, themselues to see,  
So full of French and Spanish wines to be.  
Nectar-like Vsqua-bath, or Aqua-vitæ, (mighty  
And browne Ale growne in yeeres and strength most  
Was there as plentifull a<sup>b</sup> Bonniclabbar,  
That euery guest his cleane lickt lips might slabbar  
In full satiety, till they were crownde  
With Bacchus wreathes, and in still slumber drownde.  
The fidling<sup>1</sup> Spheeres made musicke all the while.  
And riming<sup>m</sup> Bardes braue meeter did compile  
To grace this feast : when<sup>n</sup> Pþæbus standing vp  
Tooke in his greasie fist a greasier cup  
And drunke to Daphnes health. Bacchus replide  
And straightway quafte another to the bride  
Of Mulciber. This health past all along.  
Then Mars his feather wagde amongst the throng  
Carowsing Pallas health (braue wench and wise)  
Which draught cost bonny<sup>o</sup> Cupid both his eyes,  
Straining to pledge it. Maia sonne stood still,  
And stilly mark't how Ganymed did fill  
The feuerall healths, which swiftly past around

Till

Till all the Gods, and Goddesses had bound  
Their browes with wreathes of Iuy leaues and vines.  
And each his forehead to his knee enclines.  
¶ *Apollo* then slipt thence, and being halfe drunke  
His burning bonnet doft, and silily sunke  
His head in *Thetis* lap. So heauen lost light,  
And cheerefull day was damp't with irksome night.  
¶ *Ioue* yet disposde to mirth, bad *Iuno* spread  
Her Starry mantle or'e the worlds blacke head.  
But she inrag'de with plumpe *Lycus* iuice,  
And mad with iealousie, without excuse  
Refusde to guild the then vnsangled skie,  
With th'eyes of *Argus* her cow-keeping spie.  
¶ And aided by Necessitie, and Fate,  
And all the shrewder Goddesses, *Ioues* state  
She durst assume, and boldly presse as farre  
As all the Gyants in their ciuill warre.  
They first bound *Ioue*, then all the other Gods,  
Who were constrain'd by darknes, drinke, and th'odss  
Of this conspiracie, to condescend  
To hard conditions for a quiet end.  
¶ *Ioue* granted *Iuno* power of all the ayre,  
Her frowne or smile makes weather fowle or faire.  
His thunderbolts and lightning she may take,  
And with her tongue the worlds firmes axtree shake.  
From hence do women their free charter hold,  
To rule gainst reason, or else cry and scold.  
*Proserpina* obtained of her *Pluto*,  
That such should only speed, who she-saints sue to :  
That all affaires of man in state or purse  
His wife should sway, or women that are worse.  
From whence this custome springs in towne and city,

The

## The Mayers feast of Tonghali.

The wife growes rich, the bankerout begs for pitty.  
*Venus* got leane to lie with all that loue her.

And that no sawcy god should once repreoue her :  
That *Mars* and she might dally, whil'st *Don Vulcan*  
Should freely to their pleasures drinke a full can.

Frō whence this vse proceeds, that wiues once wātons  
Wage seruants, as the French the Swizzers Cantons.

You that are Statists looke vnto this geare,  
Do not *Tyrone* and his rash striplings feare ;  
Feare not *Tirconnel*, nor those *Galliglasses*

That cut, and hacke, and carue men as it passes :  
Feare those which all these feare, those fathers holy  
Which make the whole world their sole monopoly :  
That crowne & vncrowne Kings, when as they please,  
Play fast and loose like Iuglers with slight ease ;  
Dissolute all othes, though made with hand and heart, <sup>x T</sup>  
And pardon all sinnes, <sup>x</sup> yea an Irish fart.

Feare these, and <sup>y</sup> those they ioyne with, lest too late <sup>eig</sup>  
We finde our Ile an Amazonian state, <sup>ly si</sup>  
Where none but women, Priests and Cocknies keepe <sup>mo</sup>  
As close as young <sup>z</sup> *Papirius*, and as deepe, <sup>ned</sup>  
And none but these state mysteries may know, <sup>Irish</sup>  
Lest they to more fooles then themselues should show <sup>thei</sup>  
The <sup>a</sup> treasons, stratagems, and <sup>b</sup> golden fables <sup>oth</sup>  
Which are projected at their Councell tables. <sup>uen</sup>  
If this aduice be good, crie, *Ioue* be thanked, <sup>y T</sup>  
And with that short grace close my Irish banquet, <sup>cros</sup>

<sup>a</sup> They plot and consult of nothing else. <sup>b</sup> Stories out of the Legend  
they beleue above Gods Word.

To all those Knights, Ladies, and  
Gentlemen, to whom my Dedications are  
made, a true reason and excuse why I haue  
not placed them in their rances  
and distances.

IF any of you now be discontented,  
To haue your names found here, it is repented  
On my part too : for I would no man wrong  
Nor honour, but for merit in my song.  
If here yon finde your vertues be not proude,  
But thinke you are by me and truþ allowde  
To weare Fames livery, whch if y' abuse,  
Shee'l soone pull off againe ; ana as you vse  
To deale with your euill seruants, put ye forcl  
Naked of honour, if you be of Worth :  
But whilſt you be what now I know and write,  
Your fames guard me, and I giue you your right ;  
Yet not in place, for I my ſelfe professe  
To be no Harold : but if worthiſſe  
Had as much power, as many bath, to grace,  
You ſhould not ( hauing ſo much Worth ) want place.

FINIS.



John C. Frémont  
General in Chief  
Commander in Chief

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